

MARCH 14 1908

Courier's

The National Weekly

This Number Contains:

**"The
Eldest
Sister"**

the first
of a
series of eight

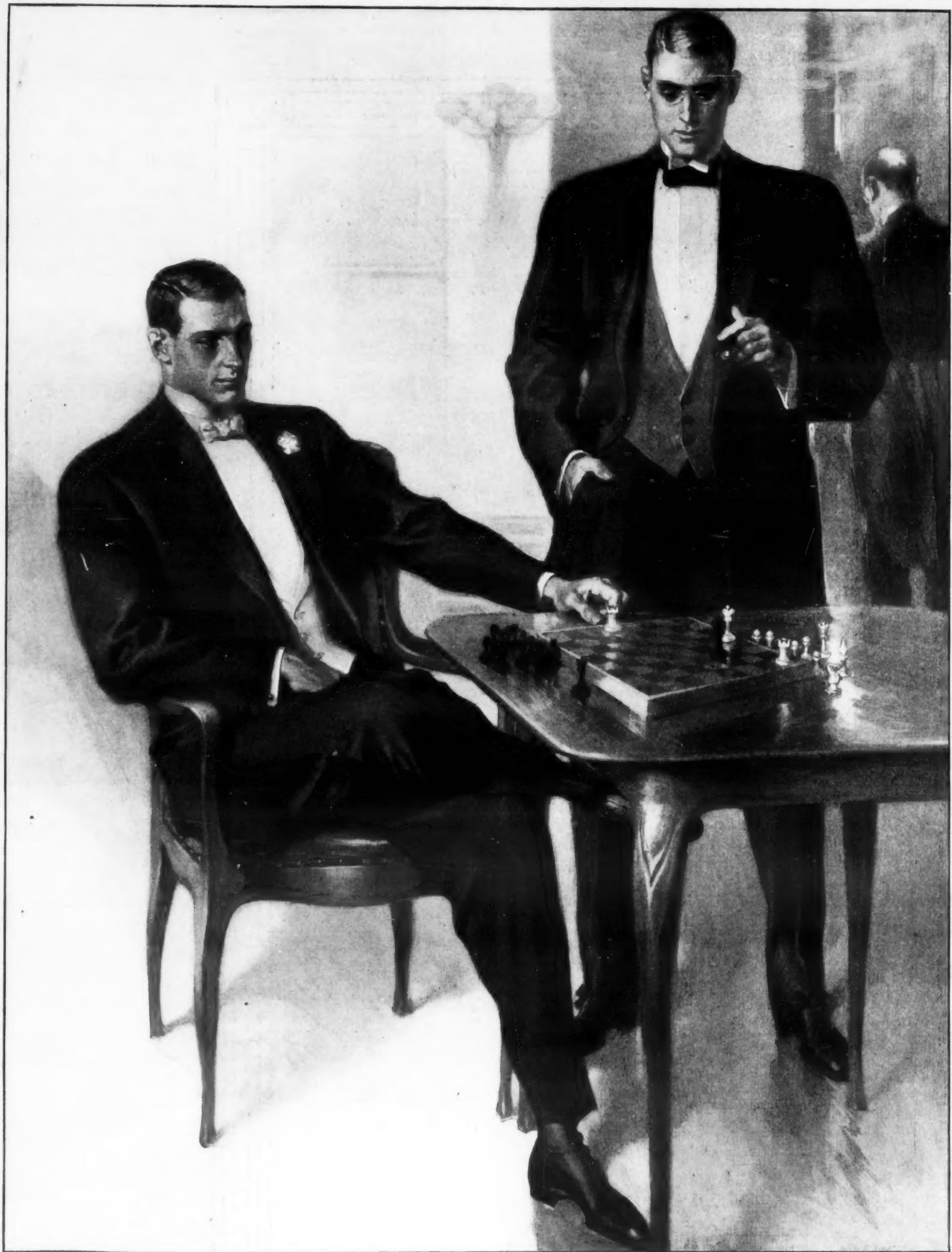
**Letters
to the
Family**

by
**Rudyard
Kipling**

descriptive of
his recent visit to
**Canada
and the
Northwest**



VOL. XI Number 25



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE important thing with us is to make clothes as good as we know how; and to know how. We learn every day; our full-dress clothes are the latest and highest expressions of our skill.

Send six cents for the Spring Style Book; handsome poster cover with many styles illustrated.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Made to GUARANTEE



This answers every question of quality to the purchaser of a

Hawes, von Gal HAT

It means that we are responsible to the wearer for the ravages of the weather—a strong statement,—made of our faith in the quality of materials and skill of workmanship which go into Hawes, von Gal Hats. As to style, we make style—this by virtue of the fact of being the largest producers of men's hats. Leaders always set the pace. With quality guaranteed and style assured, ask your dealer for a Hawes, von Gal Hat.

Shapes in stiff and soft hats to suit every face, figure and fancy. \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

We are *Hawes* Celebrated makers of the *Hawes* \$3.00 Hat.

Send for catalogue **F** illustrating the leading and exclusive styles for Spring and Summer of 1908.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
DANBURY, CONN.

WHOLESALE OFFICES:
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

Collier's

New York, Saturday, March 14, 1908



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Volume XL

Number 25

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by the International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C. Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1908 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.



'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed \$1 Safety Razor

The Ever-Ready Safety Razor will shave you best of all safety razors. This is a guarantee. The best test of the Ever-Ready is its use and the best proof of its value is its preference over \$5.00 makes by men who have tried both. The Ever-Ready blade is the Ever-Ready razor's overwhelming success. There are 12 of these intensely sharp "Ever-Ready" blades in each dollar set together with handsomely nickel-plated safety frame, handle and blade stopper all in a fine case.

Extra "Ever-Ready" Blades 10 for 50 cents—or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout America and the World. Ask any local dealer.

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00.
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.
Makers, 320 Broadway, New York

THIS IS
WHAT
YOU
GET



EVER-READY SET

THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirtieth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.00 a day up.

The Rennett E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

BOSTON, MASS.

Copley Square HOTEL. Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern house. 350 delightful rooms, 200 private baths. E. \$1.50 up.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Margaret Overlooks N. Y. Harbor. Accessible to New York and the Sea. Family and Transient. Quiet. A. \$3.50. Eu. \$1.50. Thomas Toby.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st, Boul. and Lake Shore. American & European plan. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 150 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Hotel Euclid Euclid Ave. 300 new and handsome rooms. 150 baths. European Plan. \$1.50 to \$5.00 per day. Fred. S. Avery, Prop.

DENVER, COLO.

Brown Palace Hotel Absolutely Fireproof. Service and cuisine unexcelled. European Plan, \$1.50 and up. N. B. Tabor.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hotel Endicott 81st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European, \$1.50 up.

Gilsey House 29th St. and Broadway. Most centrally located. Refurnished and refitted. Restaurant at moderate prices. Rooms \$1 a day up.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grand Union Hotel. Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restaurants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.

Latham 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

NORFOLK, VA.

The Lorraine Fire-proof. 8 stories high. Convenient to residential and business sections. European plan, \$1.50 up. L. Berry Dodson, Mgr.

RICHMOND, VA.

The Lexington Centrally located within 4 blocks of all Depots. 200 rooms. Excellent cuisine. American Plan \$2.50 up. European Plan \$1.00 up.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Savoy Hotel "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hotel Driscoll Facing U. S. Capitol and Grounds. Am. and Eu. plan. Modern in its equipment. Booklet on application. E. W. Wheeler, Mgr.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all Trains. H. L. Stephens, Prop.



Hotel St. Francis

JAMES WOODS, Manager

Facing a tropical park, which, in the civic center of San Francisco, has the unusual aspect of an old-world square or Spanish Plaza, this hostelry probably unites under one roof more advanced ideas of hotel service than can be found elsewhere in America.

RATES (European Plan) single rooms \$2.00 upward. Double rooms \$3.50 upward. Rooms with bath \$2.50 upward. Parlor, bedroom and bath from \$10 upward.

San Francisco, Cal.

Are You Coming to New York?

Do you wish to know the hotel that will best suit you? Write us the rate you wish to pay—what kind of room you want and what part of the city you wish to be near—and we will send you a selection that will aid you in locating comfortably.

WINTER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Galen Hall Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick and steel building. Always ready, always busy, always open. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

Hotel Traymore New ten-story fire-proof addition. Celebrated for its home comforts. Open all the year. Overlooks the sea.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Charleston Hotel Riddick & Byrns, Proprietors. Unusual accommodations for tourists. Center of the oldest Southern picturesqueness.

CANADA

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up to date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY HOTEL SYSTEM

Montreal Place Viger Hotel. American Plan.

Quebec Chateau Frontenac. American Plan.

HEALTH RESORTS

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

Hotel Rider America's foremost "All the Year" Health, Recreation and Rest Resort. Medicinal Min'l Waters. Sanatorium Treatments. Delightful surroundings. Acc. 600. Both plans. Reasonable rates.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

The Biggs Sanitarium Ideal Climate. Cures effected by natural methods. Electric Light Baths, Hydro-Therapy, Electricity, Massage, Vibration, Physical Culture. Illus. Booklet.

KENOSHA, WIS.

Pennoyer Sanitarium Est. 1857. Chicago Suburb. Bracing air. Winters mild. Homelike. Most scrupulous medical care. Illus. Booklet.

WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Walter's Hotel Sanitarium All modern conveniences for Summer or Winter. P. O. Walter's Park, Pa. 94 min. from Phila.

Brighten Up



Paints
Varnishes
Stains
Enamels
Colors
A best
quality
product
for every
kind of
surface or
finish



"That's my advice to you. You've seen it in the windows of good paint stores. Now you see it here. It means paint and varnish and everything that makes the home bright—outside and inside. It means 'spring' and 'cheerfulness' and 'boost,' and finally

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

—the real 'brighten-up' stuff."
—The Little Paint Man.

"BRIGHTEN UP" as we use it is a broad term. It means not only home surroundings but also all surfaces with which mankind comes in contact; it means not only beauty, freshness and pleasing effects, but also protection that is lasting. Whatever the surface—a piano or a bridge, a buggy or a boiler, a floor or a freight car—there is a Sherwin-Williams product for it and it is the best for it. Tell us the surface you wish to treat and we will send you a book about it.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Factories: Cleveland, Chicago, Newark, Montreal, London, Eng.
Sales Offices and Warehouses in 23 Principal Cities
Address all inquiries to 615 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen St., E. C.

What Mr. Van Camp Did

Mr. Frank Van Camp, manufacturer of Van Camp's Pork and Beans, tells an interesting story in his advertising.

Mr. Van Camp says: "The Van Camp Packing Co. pays \$2.10 a bushel for beans when they might buy them as low as 30 cents a bushel."

He says: "They pay \$3.45 a barrel for 'vine-ripened' tomatoes when they might buy tomato juice as low as 75 cents a barrel."

Mr. Van Camp says: "The reason they buy choicest beans and finest flavored tomatoes—is because they wish 'Van Camp Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce' to be better than any other 'very best.'"

But—to convince housewives that this is so—the story must be told where it will be read by the women interested.

And—this is how Mr. Van Camp reasons it out:—

MR. C. C. VERNAM,
General Manager Ainslee's Magazine,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—I have investigated your claims for Ainslee's Magazine.

And I find that you are correct in saying that it is bought and read by the very same people who buy and read general magazines.

I find the circulation of "The Popular Trio" of magazines—of which Ainslee's is one—to be 730,000 copies per month.

At your rate of \$540.00 per page—the rate, per page per thousand of circulation, figures 74 cents, which is considerably lower than that of general magazines.

Therefore—as advertising in your magazines reaches the very same citizen—the very same mind—and the very same pocket-book reached by general magazines—and a larger number at a lower rate—I have instructed my Advertising Agency to place with you an order for twelve pages of advertising in "The Popular Trio." Yours very truly,
FRANK VAN CAMP.

While investigating the advertising value of "The Popular Trio," Mr. Van Camp found that on the list of a Jewelry Concern advertising in nearly 50 magazines, Ainslee's ranked "third," Popular "fifth" and Smith's "eleventh" as "profit producers."

He found that a Diamond Importer, advertising in 37 different magazines, including "The Popular Trio," had found Popular Magazine "the leader" of his list, while Ainslee's stood "seventh" and Smith's "twelfth."

And these are only two of many such instances Mr. Van Camp learned.

These facts convinced Mr. Van Camp of the buying power of the readers of "The Popular Trio"—the circulation of which is as follows:—

Ainslee's	250,000 copies per month
Popular	330,000 copies per month
Smith's	150,000 copies per month
Total	730,000 copies per month

The combined advertising rate of these magazines is \$540.00 per page—or 74 cents per page per thousand of circulation.

Compare this with the cost of advertising in other magazines and you will see how "The Popular Trio" must reach the greatest number of buyers at the least comparative cost.

Are such facts as these interesting to you, as an advertiser?

Is not NOW the time to set aside preferences and to be governed solely by values, costs and results in selecting your advertising mediums?

Shall we send you more interesting facts about advertising in "The Popular Trio"?

C. C. VERNAM, General Manager
7th Ave. and 15th St., New York City

"I would like to have a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet some day. Without any obligation on my part, please send me your catalogue"

The
Hoosier
Kitchen
Cabinet



The
Hoosier
Kitchen
Cabinet

Solid
Oak

Special
features
none
others
have

WRITE US SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE

Be friendly enough to read what our catalogue says anyway—whether you expect to buy a Hoosier Cabinet now or not. It will not do either of us any harm to have you know about the Hoosier

We already know about it. We know it is the most convenient, best made, most durable and serviceable of any of the hundred other makes.

It sells for less money than the unknown kind, has more room, more capacity, more labor saving devices. None others have all the Hoosier conveniences. It has features other cabinets have not and it has every worth-while feature of every other cabinet. These "features" or conveniences and helps are about all there is to a kitchen cabinet from your point of view. See a Hoosier Cabinet (all of solid oak and will not warp) at a furniture store in your town—see the flour bin that sifts the flour and prevents it from becoming mouldy; see the dust-proof sugar bin, the metal cake and bread boxes, spice cabinets, extension aluminum work table top.

Do Not Be Afraid of the Price

Write us for the interesting catalogue. Then when you can, buy a Hoosier Cabinet.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

Factory and General Office, NEW CASTLE, IND. Branches, New York. San Francisco, Station G.
Canadian Agents, Adams Furniture Company, Toronto, Ont.

WINSLOW'S Skates



THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy. Please state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York. 8 Long Lane, E. C., London.



FAVORITE FLOWERS FREE

Thousands are taking advantage of this offer, why not you? Enclose us stamps or coin to the amount of ten cents, which can be deducted from your first order, and we will mail you our 1908 Novelty Offer.

Five Packets Mailed FREE with Catalog

Coxcomb, very ornamental for its comb effect, resembling the comb of a cock. Poppies, with their rainbow colorings, flowers lasting all summer. Godetia, with its delicate tints of crimson rose, makes an attractive annual. Phlox, Sunbeam; its dazzling colors make an attractive flower bed. Lastly, Hollyhocks, double and single colors, Grandma's Favorite. All five packets free, including our profusely illustrated catalog. Write to-day.

WM. ELLIOTT & SONS, Seedsmen
Established 1845 219 Fulton St., New York



Columbus
Vehicle
Catalog

FREE

We sell direct from our Factory to the consumer. We give One Full Month Approval Trial and a written two-year Guarantee. We manufacture Runabouts, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Carriages and Harness. Write for our Columbus Style Book of Vehicles at once, and save 40 to 60% dealers' profits on a Vehicle or set of Harness you buy of us.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.
2055 South High Street COLUMBUS, OHIO



240-EGG \$10.95
INCUBATOR

120 Egg Incubator - \$8.50
60 Egg Incubator - \$5.00
100 Chick Outdoor Brooder - \$4.00
100 Chick Indoor Brooder - \$4.00

Why pay double these prices for machines that are no better? Reliance Incubators and Brooders sent complete with all attachments. Send for free book giving full particulars. We save you money and guarantee satisfaction. Reliance Incubator Co., Box 580, Freeport, Ill.

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 4 cents for the book, to cover postage. J. W. Miller Company, Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

MONEY IN MUSHROOMS

Write today for free booklet and learn how to grow mushrooms for big profits in cellars, stables, boxes, etc., entire year. We do it. So can you. Surprising returns from small spaces with little expense. Big market. We sell best spawn and teach you our methods free. Nat'l Spawners & Mushroom Co. Dept. 54 Boston, Mass.

Big Money in Poultry

Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. 100 illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. Tells how to start small and grow big. All about our 30 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c in postage. F. F. OY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IOWA

SQUAB BOOK FREE

Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first; our birds are largest and costed all others. Our methods make a new business of squab raising and are widely copied. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 325 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

Made of steel, combining strength and art; for lawns, churches, cemeteries, parks. 84 styles. Send for FREE CATALOG No. 20. Also FREE Quotations of Ornamental Wire and DON'T-ROST FARM FENCE. Address: THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 46, DECATUR, IND.

RELIABLE CHICKS

The kind that live and grow up, are hatched with Reliable Incubators. 26 years have made them perfect. Write now for the most interesting Big Poultry Book ever published. Contains valuable information on all phases of poultry. It's free. Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box B198, Quincy, Ill.

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn \$20 to \$50 and upwards per week. We have successfully taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1898. Practical, Personal instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Direct or educated in Europe. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book FREE. SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART 7906 Fine Arts Building Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

For 10 cents we will send you 150 tricks with coins, cards, dice, handkerchiefs, eggs, bottles, plates, dominoes, rings, glasses, etc., all so clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as Herman or Kellar. Get these tricks, be popular with your friends, and make money by giving public entertainments. Big catalog free. S. BRADY, DEPT. 35, 1941 Harrison St., CHICAGO.

LEARN ENGRAVING

A Profitable, High-Grade, Enjoyable Business. Competent men make from \$30.00 to \$100.00 per week. Our correspondence course does away with the many years' apprenticeship hitherto required and enables one to master the work thoroughly, in a short time. Established seven years. Write for prospectus. REES ENGRAVING SCHOOL, 32 Steele Bldg., ELMIRA, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA LANDS

No Crop Failures on Irrigated Land

Best deciduous fruit, vegetable and dairying location. Steam and Electric transportation. Cheap irrigation. Easy terms. Write for free printed matter. IRRIGATED LAND CO., 323-5 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

STAMPS

225 ass't incl. incl. Columbia, Malay, Australia, Peru, etc., 5c. 50 diff. incl. Comoro, Australia (Swan), Labuan and also album, 5c. 1000 good. 15c. 10c. Agents 50c. List Free. C. A. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced Rates

on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast; 249 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 109 Stinson Bldg., Los Angeles.

STAMPS

100 different, Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, Peru, Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Philippines, etc., and album, 5c. 1000 good. 15c. 10c. Agents 50c. List Free. C. A. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

STARK Nurseries Pay Cash Weekly

WHERE. BEST CONTRACT, BEST OUTFIT. LARGEST NURSERIES. NEW FRUIT BOOK FREE. STARK BROS. LOUISIANA, MO.

AGENTS

WANTED in every county to sell the Good commission paid. Pocket Knife. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

\$5. press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press \$18. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

STAMPS

600 ass't foreign, incl. rare Africa, Asia, Australia, etc., and album, only 10c. (Catalogue value over \$5.00.) 100 diff. incl. Chile, India, etc., 5c. 200 diff. 30c. Agents wtd. 50 per ct. Priv. List and \$1.00 Coupons FREE! We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSMAN CO., Dept. C, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Will make a FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER

of you in 6 weeks for \$3 or RETURN MONEY. 1 and POSITIONS, too—FREE! WRITE J. H. GOODWIN, Room 256, 1315 Broadway, New York

Editorial Bulletin

Save These Kipling Articles

The first of Mr. Kipling's "Letters to the Family," "The Eldest Sister," appears in the present issue; the dates of publication and titles of the remaining articles in Mr. Kipling's "Letters to the Family" are:

- March 21
"The Relatives at Work"
- March 28
"Testing the Eldest Sister's Strength"
- April 4
"Newspapers and Democracy"
- April 11
"The Rule of the Servant"
- April 18
"The Town that Was Born Lucky"
- April 25
"The Wonderful Years To Be"
- May 2
"Democracy: The Enemy of the Empire"



In his second article, in the "Letters to the Family" series, to be published next week, Mr. Kipling describes his first adventures upon landing in Canada after an absence of fifteen years. What seems to have impressed him the most was the hospitality of the Canadians, who put him up at their clubs, and, after giving him plenty to eat and drink, made him talk. The author appears to have formed a very good opinion of the oratorical qualities of the Canadian after-luncheon debates.

He passes on from this to the wonders that have been accomplished by the construction of railroads in the Dominion. He tells of all that has been achieved since his former visit, and regrets that it makes him feel older than time. He exclaims: "I met cities where there had been nothing, literally, absolutely nothing, except, as the fairy tales say, 'the birds crying and the grass waving in the wind.' Villages and hamlets had grown to great towns, and the great towns themselves had trebled and quadrupled. And the railways rubbed their hands, and cried, like the Afrites of old: 'Shall we make a city where no city is; or render flourishing a city that is desolate?'"

He describes the Canadian girl, too: "She wore her almost flaxen gold hair waved, and parted low on the forehead beneath a black astrakhan toque, with a red, enamel maple leaf hatpin in one side of it. This was the one touch of color, except the flicker of a buckle on the shoe. . . . What struck me most, next to the grave, tranquil eyes, was her slow, unhurried breathing in the hurry about her."

The American Saloon

The first article, entitled "The City Saloon and Vicious Politics," in Mr. Will Irwin's series on "The American Saloon," was published February 29. The second article in the series will be published in our next issue, March 21. It will deal with the fight in Mississippi, and will be entitled:

"Breaking the Saloon Power"

Other articles in the series, bearing the following titles, will be published on the dates named: "South Carolina's Substitute—And How She Fared Worse," April 4; "The Clean-Up in Texas," April 18. The titles of other articles in this series and the dates of publication will be announced later. From time to time during 1907 periodicals interested in the saloon problem printed "temperance maps," showing the proportionate "wet" and "dry" areas of the United States. There was not one of these maps but had become obsolete between the time of its preparation and its publication, so rapidly did the townships, counties, and States fall into line for prohibition. "Prohibition" is a movement that must be followed closely and promptly by the reporter. Mr. Irwin has undertaken in his series to study the wave at its crest; always with a mind focused on the fundamental truths of the problem.

In addition to Mr. Irwin's articles Collier's will publish, on the general subject of the saloon, the following articles: The three best one-thousand-word articles on "The Saloon in Our Town," April 25; "The Saloons of New York," by Arthur Huntington Gleason, May 2.

2 H.P. STATIONARYS \$20.50 (ENGINE ONLY)

FOR FARM AND SHOP WORK

Rust Separators, Corn Shredders, Grist Mills, Pumps, Dynamos, etc. Start without cranking; no cams or gears. Burns Alcohol, Kerosene, and Gasoline. All sizes in stock; 2 to 20 horsepower. Steel connecting rods, anti-friction bearings; no vibration. Write for free catalogue. DETROIT ENGINE WORKS 219 Bellevue Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

WURLITZER BAND INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government.

Prices Cut in Half this season. Our large new 80-page Band Instrument catalog sent FREE. Write to-day. THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO. 163 E. 4th St. Cincinnati, O. 295 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

CAN YOU DRAW?

Illustrators and Cartoonists Earn From \$25 to \$100 a Week

We teach illustrating and cartooning by mail. Our students sell their work. Women succeed as well as men. Send for our free booklet, "Money in Drawing," gives proof. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION 54 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

Water Supply The Problem Solved

No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank located in cellar. Any pressure up to 60 lbs. The Ideal Fire Protection. Send for illustrated Catalogue "Y." Let our Engineers figure out your needs. LUNT MOSS COMPANY 48 South Market Street, Boston

150 Styles Direct to You

Every vehicle built on the standard of quality that has made U. S. vehicles famous. Many new features. We ship direct from our factory to you, saving 1/3 to 1/2. Every vehicle sold on 30 days free trial, 2 years guarantee. Write today for our Big 1908 Catalogue. Free. It shows 150 styles of vehicles, 65 styles of harness. U. S. BUGGY & CART CO. Carriage Builders 531-554 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

Strong Arms For 10c. In Stamps or Coin

I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly build up shoulders, arms, forearms and hands without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with twenty half-tone cuts. Regular price, 25 cents. PROF. ANTHONY BARKER 22 Barker Bldg., 110 West 42d St., N. Y. City

Do You Like to Draw?

That's all we want to know. Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 414 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Cheap and Reliable Water Supply

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GOOD ROADS and their construction in literature issued by the NASH ROAD, Brooklyn, New York.



One of the contestants in the New York-to-Paris automobile race, which started from New York, February 12, stranded in Indiana drifts. For a greater part of the distance between New York and Chicago the six cars floundered along snow-blocked roads. The leading automobile took fourteen days to cover a distance of 1,043 miles



One of the racing cars was allowed the advantage of running over an Indiana railroad's right of way. This caused a protest from the other racers, who also complained of the grasping "peasants" along the route



Conveying the leading car in the New York-to-Paris automobile race through a February snow-storm in Indiana. The last fifty miles before the "racers" entered Chicago were made under the most trying conditions. The crew of one car succeeded in making only eight miles in twenty-two hours on February 23-24. From San Francisco, it is said, the automobiles will be shipped to Alaska, where the run, across the ice, will be resumed. From East Cape in Siberia, after Bering Strait has been ferried, the route will be down to the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and then approximately along the trail taken by the Peking-to-Paris racers last year

Automobile Racing Under Difficulties

(See page 20)



Collier's

The National Weekly



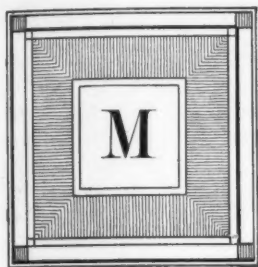
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NEW YORK

March 14, 1908

Reality



MIGHTY SCHEMES for saving the country by legislation, for uplifting humanity by statute, come, and blaze, and pass away. Utopias have been so often enacted by legislatures assembled! But occasionally there is some actual and undoubted good to be accomplished by the law. As examples there are now before Congress the Appalachian Reserve bill and the Crane and other grab bills, touching a subject which is obscured by mists of prejudice and doubt. Every one who believes that forest reserves interfere with development should procure, free, from the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture a little booklet called "The Use of the National Forests." There may he learn that by reserves resources are *not* locked up, industry checked, settlement prohibited, or growth impeded. Before a national forest is made, open lands are taken up and patented, under the timber and stone act and the mineral laws, and then the land and all its resources pass forever from the people, and often in a brief period are destroyed. When, however, a national forest is created, whatever agricultural lands may be included are open for settlement; prospecting and mining go on exactly as before; grazing is allowed; water is used; timber is given to the settler, and sold for a fair and equal price to those seeking it for commercial use. In such sales the little dealer is given an even chance, and thus the big corporations become enraged. It is large corporations that back such measures as Senator CRANE has introduced. In 1906, 75,000 board feet were given away, and 700,000,000 board feet were sold, nine-tenths of the sales being for amounts of less than \$500. About 1,500,000 cattle and horses and 6,000,000 sheep are grazing on these lands, and here again to the small man with a home is always given the first opportunity. Stores, hotels, residences, power plants, mills, railroads, canals, telephone and power lines are built on this land. The only function of the Government in these reserves is to protect the individual against his big antagonist, and to see that our resources are not used with reckless waste. What has Senator CRANE to say?

Vivisection

EVERY ONE MUST SYMPATHIZE with those whose hearts are stirred about animal suffering, but the world ought to know that the present outbreak against vivisection has been worked up by a newspaper, hungry for sensation, by an absolute misrepresentation of the facts. To restrict further the practise of vivisection means untold cruelty to the human race all over the world. It means that the investigations by which thousands of lives have been saved, and the most dreadful sufferings abolished, must be stopped, and the humane progress of medicine and surgery arrested. The consequences, if an ignorant sentimentality should have its way, are too painful to describe. When any progress in medicine, whether by new methods of treatment or new drugs, is accomplished, tests must be made either on animals or on men. All our knowledge of actual physiological functions, on which all rational treatment must be based, must be learned by observation of some living thing. For this vast gain we pay in animal suffering not one millionth part of what the hideous pictures and articles in such papers as the New York "Herald" imply. Those pictures could be equaled by descriptions and photographs of every clinic, simply by leaving out the explanation, as the "Herald" does, that the victim, whether a man or an animal, is almost always unconscious, and that the cutting and tearing in operations and experiments are therefore,

in the vast majority of cases, painless. By this bold and money-making misrepresentation, therefore, if applied to clinics where human beings are operated upon, still greater horror of medical progress might be worked up, with still greater and more harmful execration of science and its immeasurable benefits to the human race.

Keeping Labor Human

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO no law restricted the labor of adult women. In no country which has passed such laws have they ever been repealed, and practically all the amendments have been for the purpose of strengthening the law or reducing the working time. Great Britain led in 1844. France, Switzerland, Austria, Holland, Italy, and Germany followed. Twenty of our States are now in line. The case of Muller *vs.* the State of Oregon, just decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, establishes the constitutionality of all this legislation. Experience in all countries has shown the shorter day to have superior results in economies, health, and morals; upon intelligence and happiness; and this applies not only to the generation directly concerned, but also to the next generation, and hence to all the generations waiting in the womb of time.

Christian Charity

DOLL'S HOUSES were recently exhibited, only these were for grown-ups, and were models of whole blocks of houses, with just enough of the roof and wall cut away to permit glimpses of the interiors. They showed to the eye where the other half lives. One was an old-fashioned "rookery" tenement; another was one of those temples of greed, the dumb-bell tenement, with its dark rooms and coal-mine airshaft. There was also the neat model tenement, the triumph of intelligent philanthropy and sanitary progress, hygienically superior to the brownstone-front four-decker. The contrast between worst and best is so self-evident and striking that one wonders that the models of the two man-killers have not had their windows poked in by indignant visitors. You look around and find, almost to your surprise, that you are in a tuberculosis exhibit of the Charity Organization Society of New York, and not of a commission on tenement-house reform. What have landlords' profits to do with tuberculosis? Everything. Civilization has created the disease, and civilization must destroy it. It is not a warfare of individuals, but of the whole community. Clear-eyed leaders in the campaign regard it simply as a part of the great movement for the uplifting of humanity, physical, mental, moral. They have struck hands already with the organizations fighting for tenement-house reform, for playgrounds and open spaces, for relieving the congestion of lower Manhattan, for the improvement of the condition of the poor, for preventing child labor, for securing good food laws, and, last and not least, for shortening hours of labor and improving wages.

Is This the Millennium?

TO THOSE WHO HAVE PLENTY to eat and wear, and comfortable houses, and no anxiety for the future, this world may naturally wear an aspect slightly unlike the one presented to the struggling many. Speaking of industrial progress and consolidation a little while ago, Mr. RAYMOND ROBINS remarked that both are necessary and yet both are often utterly inhuman. He spoke of the man who has worked for twenty years as a typesetter, and who is too old to learn a new trade when the linotype forces him out; of the wood-carver of yesterday who is out of a job to-day because of a patent process of compressing sawdust, putty, and clay; of the man who has worked twelve years in a shop and has bought a home near his work and is slowly paying off the mortgage, when this shop is closed down without warning by industrial consolidation; of him who has lost his hand in an unprotected sticker after fifteen years of faithful labor. "All these possibilities have been foreseen and charged up and paid for by the consumers when the product was bought. But what of these workers? What of their jobs and their hands and legs by which they and their families live?" Mr. ROBINS says that up to this hour

the labor unions have done something, the universities a little, and the Church next to nothing. The labor unions have won some sort of fair wages, hours, and working conditions wherever they have been strong. They have made a good fight against child labor, night work for women, and unprotected machinery. Yet at best they reach only a small part of the working world. With regard to violence, Mr. ROBINS speaks some very impressive words, which touch upon that identity of interest that often exists between the press and the larger forces of business:

"Our conscience has a way of going to sleep on the job and then of working overtime. In the last four years the railroads of this country have killed 15,364 men and injured 219,495. We are very patient over this steady industrial slaughter, but if a union man slugs a scab who is seeking to take bread from his children's mouths, we make a great outcry. We don't seem to mind that the labor laws are violated and how the workers are deliberately poisoned and crippled and killed in smelter and mine and factory, yet, when in the blind, helpless struggle of infuriated masses of men some one is killed, then we are very much outraged and demand the troops to protect human life and enforce the law lest the foundations of the state crumble. I remember that during the great stockyards strike the packers imported criminals and prostitutes from the purlieus of Cincinnati and St. Louis and held private prize-fights in the yards to keep them amused after the day's work. These vicious and diseased persons worked over the meat that you and your families were to eat, yet the conscience of the country spoke not a single word of protest. Why is this true? How is it possible that the people can be made to carry so much at one time and so little at another? I want to tell you why, and I want you to remember this much, at least, of what I say to-night. It is because of the industrial censorship of the press. The great employers are the great advertisers, and they can make or break a newspaper. This skilful industrial censorship creates false moral resentment or enthusiasm at will, and thus the press of the country is used to play upon and mislead the moral forces of the nation. . . . Nor is this industrial censorship confined to the press. It is over the pulpit and the best clubs and the most select society."

Take a Flier

A DENVER BROKERAGE company has won our approval by a quality of frankness too rare among the promoting folk. "Buy stock," the firm's invitation runs, "in a real flying machine nearly completed." A picture of this aerial marvel is lacking, but its inventor supplies a mass of details leading up to the statement that "the same laws and principles which govern the flight of a bird" are utilized in building the airship. Follows then this naive warning to prospective investors: "You may lose what you invest in this proposition, but [let us here indulge ourselves in italics] *we consider that the chances now to win are as good as the average mining proposition.*" Just about—the comparison is excellent. What would Senator STONE of Missouri say about the frankness and accuracy of that sentence?

Bill

"WHEN THE SUPPORTERS of Senator STONE get busy in Jasper County," asked the Jasper "News-Herald," "will they brag of the Alaskan 100 per cent stock scheme, the Missouri Health Society, or egg-shells?" Personally, we advise the egg-shells, and the information is hereby added, for those Americans so unfortunate as to live remote from Missouri, that the Missouri Health Society refers to one of WILLIE's devices for covering up his baking-powder affiliations, whereas the barnyard reference recalls the lobbyist's observation, that he and STONE both sucked eggs, only STONE hid the shells. This paper points out justly that for the Senator to talk about buying Alaskan stock is feeble. He may buy what pleases him. What concerns the public is that he is selling; he is a director, palming off his Get-Rich-Quick scheme on an aggregation of incompetent suckers; he is lending his influence as a public official to this lucrative undertaking; and he is holding the office of United States Senator and asking for reelection. If Bonanza BILL can get away with this, "Puck" ought to have even more to say about the inhabitants of this earth.

Seeds of Progress

AS A FOOTBALL for the national parties to amuse themselves with, Ohio has recently had a busy life. Through all this political plotting and grasping, however, the endeavor to pursue the better path is steadily pursued—it may be by a minority, but still pursued. In the House of Representatives of that State, Mr. HENRY T. HUNT has been making a strong and rational effort toward a ballot which will express the people's will. Mr. HUNT, in urging the elimination of party circles, quoted President ROOSEVELT thus on an evil hard to cure because not obvious:

"The worst evils that affect our local government arise from and are the inevitable result of the mixing up of the city affairs with the party politics of the nation and the State. The lines upon which national parties divide have no necessary connection with the business of the city; such connections open the way to countless schemes of plunder and civic corruption."

Mr. HUNT also quoted ELIHU ROOT:

"It is my profound conviction that a determined effort is necessary to save national parties from the demoralization inevitably consequent upon municipal spoliation, and as a Republican, zealous for the welfare and reputation of my party, I advocate the foundation of a non-partisan civic movement."

Mr. HUNT's amendment was lost by a vote of 56 to 35; and among those who favored it just one was a Republican! Nevertheless, being of a cheerful nature, and hopeful in the right, we have given to this paragraph the heading which you see.

A Candidate from Kansas

WELCOME BRISTOW, as candidate for the United States Senate from Kansas. As Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, BRISTOW made much trouble and many enemies among those whose serenity he disturbed, but he did a needed work and did it without fear and without discrimination. Moreover, his platform is manly, clear, and earnest. His demands for tariff revision contain no clause about the next election. He thinks some tariff changes should be made at this session. He opposes the Aldrich bill and talks about the currency with more understanding than is usually shown by statesmen. On other subjects he is frank, liberal, and intelligent; and nobody will doubt that as a Senator he would vote according to his convictions and be guided only by what he believed to be the general good. LONG's record does not call loudly for his reelection, and Senator LODGE's antipathy to BRISTOW is less relevant now than it was in the post-office investigations. Still, we shrink from anything displeasing to Mr. LODGE, and we fear greatly that the Republican boss of Massachusetts would by preference have BRISTOW remain in Kansas, a fact which Kansas should consider.

More "Tainted News"

THEY HAD NO NEWLY INVENTED DEVICE for making their private purposes seem the spontaneous will of the people—that New Jersey company lobbying at Washington to get contracts for the Holland submarine boat, who for years have been subsidizing men with access to the press. MACAULAY, in his classic essay on the infamous BARÈRE, quotes a letter from General DUROC, then in NAPOLEON's confidence: "It will also be proper that Citizen BARÈRE should frequently insert in the journals articles tending to animate the public mind, particularly against the English." Because exposure has made direct lobbying, and even campaign contributions, more dangerous; because the Andy Hamiltons and the "wicked" Gibbsses have ceased to be heroic political figures, corrupt business has lately turned to use the press, in secret and illegitimate ways, to achieve its ends. There is need for as strict a code of ethics for the press as for the courts. Not directly related to this topic, but remotely suggested by it, is this contribution to contemporary history from the current number of the "American Magazine," a document written by the owner and editor of the most powerful paper in Oregon, the Portland "Oregonian," and telegraphed to the beneficiary of the offer one night in 1903:

"In case I receive JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr.'s, support for United States Senator at the joint session of the Legislature to-night, I hereby agree to use the full power of the 'Morning Oregonian' and the 'Evening Telegram' to defeat JOHN H. MITCHELL at the next Senatorial election and elect JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr., in his place."

How many of the newspapers of the United States have a conception



Presidential Possibilities

By GEORGE FITCH

A S SOME tall pine within the daisied glen
Its proud top rears into the azure skies,
So does friend Fairbanks from the prairies rise
And stand knee deep among his fellow men.
That he's cool headed is no wonder when
His polished dome above the snow line lies;
On every trip he proves to wondering eyes
That e'en skyscrapers travel now and then.
He is the most Vice-President that we
Have ever gotten for our money—yet
'Neath his roof garden throbs a wish that he
A better job, as President, may get.
He'd make a bargain, for of him there'd be
Enough left over for a cabinet.

of their purpose other than the one frankly set forth in this document, the business of furthering the interests, commercial or political, of their private owners?

Persistence

MR. HUGHES IS A MAN who knows that important work is seldom accomplished in this world without perseverance, courage, and calm acceptance of reverses. The people of New York State should remember that the following Senators prevented the Governor from removing a clearly incompetent superintendent of insurance, and thereby helped to establish the insurance companies in the abuses from which the public has hoped to be delivered:

JOSEPH ACKROYD
JOTHAM P. ALDERS
FRANK M. BOYCE
OWEN CASSIDY
JOHN T. COHALAN
THOMAS H. CULLEN
ALBERT T. FANCHER
STANISLAUS P. FRANCHOT
JAMES J. FRAWLEY
FRANCIS H. GATES

THOMAS F. GRADY
WILLIAM J. GRATTAN
DENNIS J. HARTE
CONRAD HASENPLUG
HENRY W. HILL
S. PERCY HOOKER
PATRICK H. MCCARREN
THOMAS J. MCMAHON
DOMINICK F. MULLANEY
WILLIAM T. O'NEIL

JAMES OWENS
JOHN RAINES
SAMUEL J. RAMSPERGER
SANFORD W. SMITH
WILLIAM SOHMER
CHRISTOPHER D. SULLIVAN
WILLIAM J. TULLY
WILLIAM W. WEMPLE
HORACE WHITE
BENJAMIN M. WILCOX

Not one of these men should ever be reelected. If New York possessed direct primaries and a Massachusetts ballot, we have faith that no one of them ever would be reelected.

The Final Power

A CONSPICUOUS CITIZEN of Rhode Island uttered these words, important enough to be telegraphed to other States:

"The veto bill and the establishment of the office of bank examiner were both endorsed by the Republican State convention last fall, and I suppose we will have to stand for them. As for the representation in the Senate, I will not permit that to be changed by anybody, by any man, or by any party, not even my own."

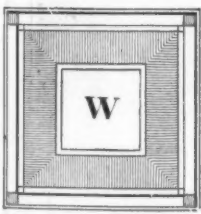
And, in Rhode Island, what CHARLES R. BRAYTON says goes. To the curious foreigner, inquiring about the machinery of American government, it must be explained that the man who thus voiced final decision is not the Governor or the Lieutenant-Governor. Neither is he Assemblyman nor State Senator. He is not even a party chairman. He holds no office



Our Greatest Interest

The National Estate of the Republic

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



WITHOUT exception the most important subject that confronts or that possibly can confront the American people is that covered by the report of the Inland Waterways Commission, which President Roosevelt has just transmitted to Congress. Beside it all questions of tariff, currency, corporate regulation, and even of social reconstruction sink into utter insignificance. All these things relate to certain human activities which may take now one direction and now another, but this report goes down to the very framework of the land, whose character conditions our whole national life.

The possible uses of waterways for navigation, vast as they are, form one of the smallest parts of the wonderful network of public interests involved in the disposal of this subject. Even this primary interest touches every State and Territory of the Union. We have twenty-five thousand miles of rivers already navigated and at least as much more that may be navigated with proper treatment. There are twenty-five hundred miles of navigable canals, and by digging less than another thousand we could connect twenty-five hundred miles of sounds, bays, and bayous to form continuous inner passages paralleling the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts. In addition we have several thousand miles of lake and bay navigation.

What all that may mean to American farmers and other producers, who in years of business activity find the roads to market choked beyond their utmost

named in any State constitution or legislative statute. College youths who have spent years in courses on government and constitutional history would be puzzled to explain him, for college textbooks are composed without acknowledgment of the unofficial. One of the benefits of the era of muckraking, especially the work of Mr. STEFFENS, is the wide diffusion of knowledge about the real and unofficial machinery of government in America. And out of that knowledge has come the demand for the direct primary.

Plausible at Least

THE STORY RUNS that a certain individual recently passed from earth to a higher life from handling paper money, and thereby attaching to his person a percentage of the myriad germs to which the note gave an ample sustenance. Having handled a few American bank-notes, we are inclined to accept this tale without a question. Anybody who has had the startled pleasure of meeting a bit of English paper money face to face must forever wonder at the patient Americans for the long-suffering docility with which they carry such incredible Government dirt in their pockets and in their hands. The Bank of England is so squeamish that it destroys every note that comes in, no matter how fresh it may appear.

Local Option

THE CHURCH Temperance Society of New York requests us to give space to a resolution, which is as follows:

"Resolved, That the Executive Committee of the Church Temperance Society hereby expresses its endorsement of the principle of Local Option for the regulation of the liquor traffic, believing that any community has the right to decide whether or not it will permit the sale of intoxicants within its borders. This Executive Committee, while regarding the drinking saloon, in the manner it is usually conducted, as injurious to the best interests of society, would urge upon the citizens of the places where it is suppressed the establishment of coffee and reading rooms and other places of harmless and attractive recreation for young men and others for whom the saloon has usually provided hospitality."



gation, which has already turned ten million acres of arid land into productive farms, creating a quarter of a million new homes, and adding hundreds of millions of dollars to the taxable wealth of the States. With storage works comes water-power, representing unmeasured stores of potential electrical energy. "Wherever water is now or will hereafter become the chief source of power, the monopolization of electricity produced from running streams involves monopoly of power for the transportation of freight and passengers, for manufacturing, and for supplying light, heat, and other domestic, agricultural, and municipal necessities, to such an extent that unless regulated it will entail monopolistic control of the daily life of



Presidential Possibilities

By GEORGE FITCH



EN as the Hebrew children, long ago,
By tall smoke pillars found their desert way,
So Congress tags, adoringly, to-day,
That versatile volcano, "Uncle Joe."

The puffs from his perfecto, fast or slow,
Cirrus or cumulus, as the case may be,
Point out the fate, to anxious nights below,
Of bills, reforms, and lands beyond the sea.
Prim Washington's smoke laws he breaks with glee
And black cigars of the most robust kind.
If such a friend of nicotine as he
Were to be President, in time we'd find
The White House turning, 'neath his fuming snipe
To brown and yellow like a meerschaum pipe.

capacity, almost beggars the imagination. But that is the mere fringe of the subject. A thousand million tons of our most valuable soil are washed into the streams every year, not only depleting our agricultural resources to that appalling extent, but transforming a priceless national asset into a nuisance and a danger. Dirt has been defined as "matter in the wrong place," and this soil, which in the right place means fertile farms and growing national wealth, becomes in the rivers dirt which "pollutes the waters, necessitates frequent and costly dredging, and reduces the efficiency of works designed to facilitate navigation and afford protection from floods." The rich soil stripped from the land would cover the State of Rhode Island almost a foot deep in a year.

This naturally connects the subject of waterway improvement with that of forestry, which checks the wash of the soil. It also implies the storage of flood waters, and with this comes the development of irri-

our people in an unprecedented degree."

Next, waterway improvement on a comprehensive scale means the drainage and reclamation of the rich alluvial swamp and overflowed lands, of which there are seventy-seven million acres, now useless, but which when reclaimed would be among our most productive areas. Divided into forty-acre farms, each of which would easily support a family, these swamps would give homes to ten million people. It means, too, the control of the floods that devastate the lower courses of our great rivers. It means the promotion of the mining industry by insuring regular supplies of water.

The Commission recommends that hereafter plans for the commercial development of inland waterways shall "take account of the purification of the waters, the development of power, the control of floods, the reclamation of lands by irrigation and drainage, and all other uses of the waters or benefits to be derived from their control." To these ends Federal agencies

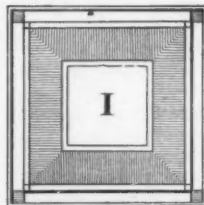
should cooperate as far as possible with States, municipalities, communities, corporations, and individuals, with a view to an equitable distribution of costs and benefits. It is urged that any plans adopted should regard the streams as a public asset, taking full account of the conservation of all resources connected with running waters, and looking to "the protection of these resources from monopoly and to their administration in the interests of the people." To carry out these policies the creation of a new National Waterways Commission is suggested, charged with the duty of coordinating the work of the Engineer Corps of the army, the Bureau of Soils, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Corporations, the Reclamation Service, and other branches of the public service in so far as their work relates to inland waterways.

Of course the use of water routes for navigation, upon which the whole wonderful fabric of river interests depends, has been somewhat discredited by the fact that railroad competition has driven most of the old inland water carriers out of business. But that competition, as the Commission explains, has been unfair. The railroads, reaching all parts of the country, controlling the routes over which most of the freight sent by water must be transshipped, and in many cases owning all the available landings, have deliberately used their power to crush out water traffic. They are beginning now to realize that this policy has been a mistake, and that their true interest lies in the fullest development of all the resources of the country. We have reached the time when there should be "such coordination of rail and water facilities as will insure harmonious cooperation rather than injurious opposition."

The report of the Waterways Commission has gone to Congress with the warm endorsement of President Roosevelt, who favors all the appropriations needed to carry out the policy recommended even if they require a bond issue. That, of course, is a most unlikely contingency, for it will take years to frame such plans as would call for more money than could be conveniently spared from the current resources of the Treasury. These plans, the President justly holds, should cover every use to which our streams can be put. Above all, Congress must refuse, henceforth and forever, to grant any privileges that permit the growth of private monopolies in water-power, forest exploitation, or any other use of our natural resources.

Modern Quarters for Future Admirals

Architectural Improvements at Annapolis



AN Annapolis and West Point America possesses the model naval and military schools of the world. But Annapolis is even more to the navy than West Point is to the army, for while great numbers of army officers are not graduates of West Point, the vast majority of naval officers are graduates of Annapolis.

The Naval Academy owes its origin to George Bancroft, who, as Secretary of the Navy, started a "naval school" at Fort Severn, Annapolis, October 10, 1845. The school, whose name had been changed to "the United States Naval Academy" in 1850, was moved to Newport during the Civil War, but went back to Annapolis in 1865, and has stayed there ever since. Unlike most foreign naval schools, which give either elementary training to young boys or instruction in specialties to officers, the United States Naval Academy is a full-grown college for young men, with a comprehensive and thorough professional training grafted upon a liberal general education. It puts all its students through a course including English, modern languages, mathematics through calculus, mechanics, astronomy, physics, mechanical drawing, seamanship, naval construction, electricity, hygiene, ordnance, gunnery, infantry tactics, navigation, surveying, international law, marine engineering, and machine designing. In addition there are practical exercises in all branches of seamanship, marksmanship, gunnery, surveying, machine shop work, running engines, fencing, bayonet contests, boxing, swimming, and dancing, and the nautical training is perfected by long ocean cruises.

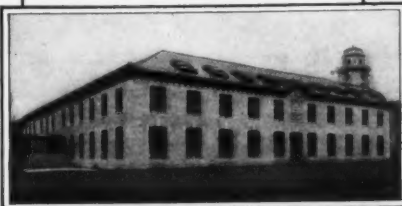
The old brick buildings under the trees by the Severn, where Admiral Cervera spent his pleasant imprisonment during the Spanish War, were wreathed in delightful memories, but the time came when they were outgrown. The growing college demanded more room, and, instead of adding a new building here and another there, it was resolved to create a whole new academy, in one splendid, harmonious group. The plans were begun ten years ago, and the work will be finished this year. Mr. Ernest Flagg has created a miniature Columbian White City, transformed from plaster into granite and marble. Facing the water approach stretches a continuous line of majestic buildings nearly a quarter of a mile long, and behind these are masses of others. In the Memorial Chapel will lie the body of the father of the American navy, John Paul Jones, while the splendid hall of the midshipmen will be a monument to the founder of the Naval Academy, George Bancroft.

When the new Naval Academy buildings are finished they will have cost in all about twelve million dollars. That is probably more than has ever been spent at one time for housing any other institution of learning in the country, but still it is only one-fifth more than the cost of a single battleship. Annapolis must not only provide for the ordinary needs of college instruction,

but it must furnish living quarters for all the students, homes for all the professors and officers, and a vast boathouse, armory, and hospital. The charming old Naval Academy is gone with the wooden ships it served, and a new one is here emblematic of the power and magnificence of the modern fleets its graduates will command.

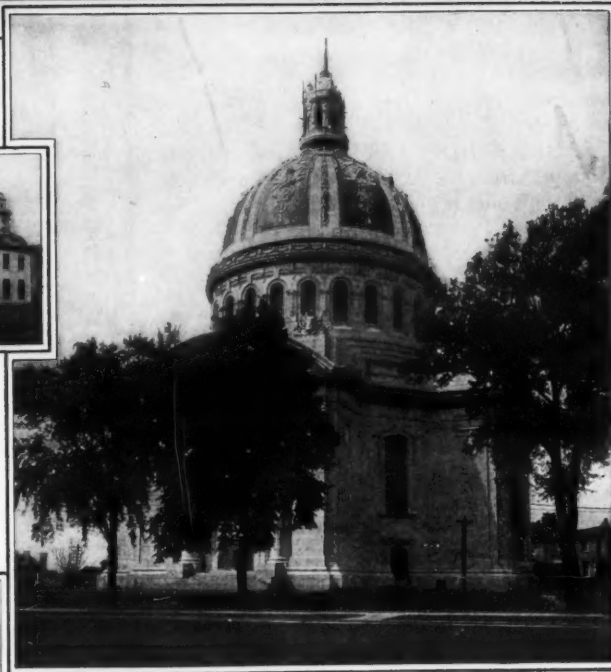


General view of the new Naval Academy buildings at Annapolis, the Severn River and the harbor

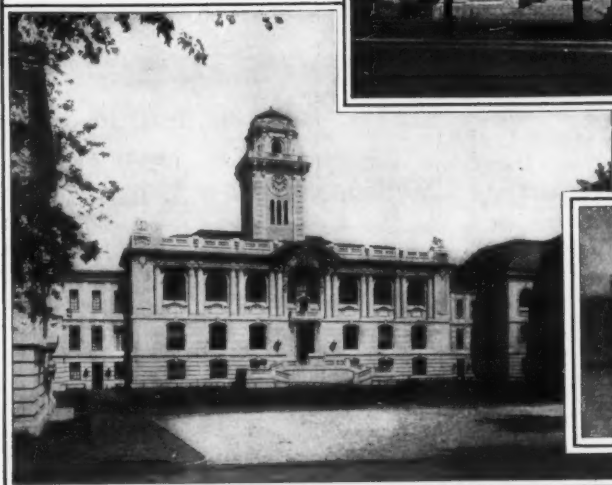


The Engineering Building

The New Naval Academy Buildings



Chapel erected to the memory of the navy's heroic dead. Paul Jones's body is to rest under the dome



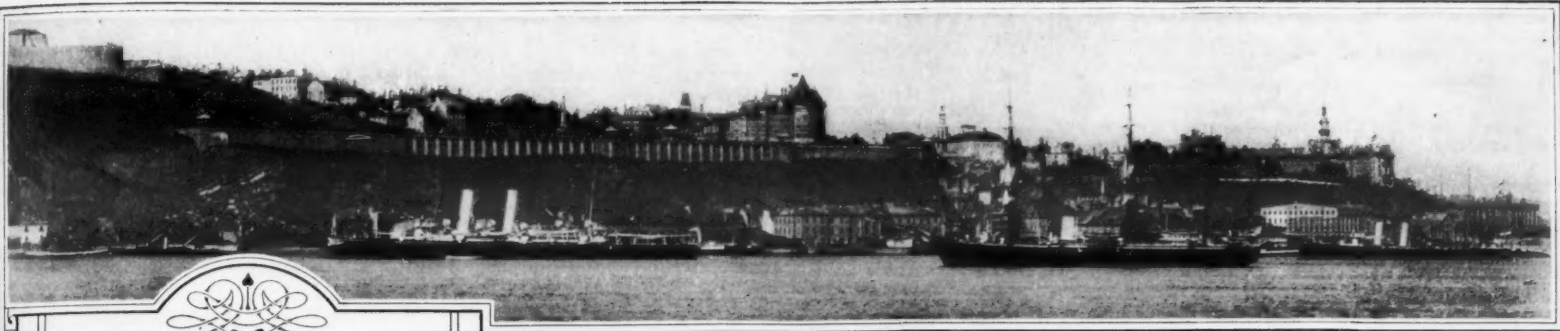
The Academic Building, which contains more classrooms than any other of the buildings in the new group



Testing steam gages in the engineering class at the Naval Academy



The Marine Barracks, the football and baseball field, and a camp of midshipmen



"At Quebec there is a sort of place whence rise the heights that Wolfe's men scaled on their way to the Plains of Abraham. Perhaps of all the tide-marks the affair of Quebec touches the heart and the eye more nearly than any other."

Letters to the Family

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The first of a new series of travel articles describing the author's impressions and experiences during his recent visit to Canada and the British Northwest

Where's the lamp that Hero lit
Once to call Leander home?
Equal Time hath shored it
Neath the wrack of Greece and Rome.
Neither wait we any more
That tall glass which Argo bore.

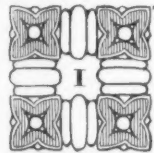
Dust and dust of ashes close
All the Vestal Virgins' care;
And the oldest altar shows
But an older darkness there.
Age-encamped Oblivion
Tenth every light that shone!

Yet shall we, for Suns that die,
Wall our wanderings from desire?
Or, because the Moon is high
Scorn to use a nearer fire?
Lest some envious Pharaoh stir,
Make our lives our sepulchre?

Nay! Though Time with petty Fate
Prison us and Emperors,
By our Arts do we create
That which Time himself decours—
Such machines as well may run
'Gainst the horses of the Sun.

When we would a new abode
Space, our tyrant King no more
Lays the long lance of the road
At our feet and flees before,
Breathless, ere we overhelm,
To submit a further realm!

I—The Eldest Sister



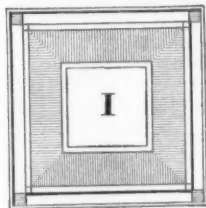
IT MUST be hard for those who do not live there to realize the cross between canker and blight that has settled on England for the last couple of years. The effects of it are felt throughout the Empire, but at headquarters we taste the stuff in the very air, just as one tastes iodoform in the cups and bread-and-butter of a hospital tea. So far as one can come at things in the present fog, every form of unfitness, general or specialized, born or created, during the last generation has combined in one big trust—a majority of all the minorities—to play the game of Government. Now that the game ceases to amuse, nine-tenths of the English who set these folk in power are crying: "If we had only known what they were going to do we should never have voted for them!"

Yet, as the rest of the Empire perceived at the time, these men were always perfectly explicit as to their emotions and intentions. They said first, and drove it home by large pictures, that no possible advantage to the Empire outweighed the cruelty and injustice of charging the British working man twopence halfpenny a week on some of his provisions. Incidentally they explained, so that all Earth except England heard it, that the Army was wicked; much of the Navy unnecessary; that half the population of one of the Colonies practised slavery, with torture, for the sake of private gain, and that the mere name of Empire wearied and sickened them. On these grounds they stood to save England; on these grounds they were elected, with what seemed like clear orders to destroy the bloodstained fetish of Empire as soon as possible. The present mellow condition of Ireland, Egypt, India, and South Africa is proof of their honesty and obedience. Over and above this their mere presence in office produced all along our lines the same moral effect as the presence of an incompetent master in a classroom. Paper pellets, books, and ink began to fly; desks were thumped; dirty pens were jabbed into those trying to work; rats and mice were set free amid squeals of exaggerated fear; and, as usual, the least desirable characters in the form were loudest to profess noble sentiments, and most eloquent grief at being misjudged. Still, the English are not happy, and the unrest and slackness increase.

On the other hand, which is to our advantage, the isolation of the unfit in one political party has thrown up the extremists in what the Babu called "all their naked *cui bono*." These last are after satisfying the two chief desires of primitive man by the very latest gadgets in scientific legislation. But how to get free

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food, and free—shall we say—love? within the four corners of an Act of Parliament without giving the game away too grossly, worries them a little. It is easy enough to laugh at this, but we are all so knit together nowadays that a rot at what is called "headquarters" may spread like bubonic, with every steamer.



I WENT across to Canada the other day, for a few weeks, mainly to escape the Blight, and also to see what our Eldest Sister was doing. Have you ever noticed that Canada has to deal in the lump with most of the problems that afflict us others severally? For example, she has the Double-Language, Double-Law, Double-Politics drawback in a worse form than South Africa, because, unlike our Dutch, her French can not well marry outside their religion, and they take their orders from Italy—less central, sometimes, than Pretoria or Stellenbosch. She has, too, something of Australia's labor fuss, minus Australia's isolation, but plus the open and secret influence of "labor" entrenched, with arms and high explosives on neighboring soil. To complete the parallel, she keeps, tucked away behind mountains, a trifle of land called British Columbia, which resembles New Zealand; and New Zealanders who do not find much scope for young enterprise in their own country are drifting up to British Columbia already.

CANADA has in her time known calamity more serious than floods, frost, drought, and fire—and has macadamized some stretches of her road toward nationhood with the broken hearts of two generations. That is why one can discuss with Canadians of the old stock matters which an Australian or New Zealander could no more understand than a healthy child understands death. Truly we are an odd Family! Australia and New Zealand (the Maori War not counted) got everything for nothing. South Africa gave everything, and got less than nothing. Canada has given and taken all along the line for nigh on three hundred years, and in some respects is the wisest, as she should be the happiest, of us all. She seems to be curiously unconscious of her position in the Empire, perhaps because she has till lately been talked at, or down to, by her neighbors. You know how at any gathering of our men from all quarters it is tacitly conceded that Canada takes the lead in the Imperial game. To put it roughly, she saw the goal more than ten years ago, and has been working the ball toward it ever since. That is why her inaction at the last Imperial Conference made people who were interested in the play wonder why she, of all of us, chose to brigade herself with Gen-

eral Botha and to block the forward rush. I, too, asked that question of many. The answer was something like this: "We saw that England wasn't taking anything just then. Why should we have laid ourselves open to be snubbed worse than we were? We sat still." Quite reasonable—almost too convincing. There was really no need that Canada should have done other than she did—except that she was the Eldest Sister, and more was expected of her. She is a little too modest.

WE discussed this, first of all, under the lee of a wet deck-house in mid-Atlantic; man after man cutting in and out of the talk as he sucked at his damp tobacco. The passengers were nearly all unmixed Canadian, mostly born in the Maritime Provinces, where their fathers speak of "Canada" as Sussex speaks of "England," but scattered about their businesses throughout the wide Dominion. They were at ease, too, among themselves, with that pleasant intimacy that stamps every branch of our Family and every boat that it uses on its homeward way. A Cape liner is all the Sub-Continent from the Equator to Simon's Town; an Orient boat is Australasian throughout, and a C. P. R. steamer can not be confused with anything except Canada. It is a pity one may not be born in four places at once, and then one would understand the half-tones, the asides, and the allusions of all our Family life without waste of precious time. These big men, smoking in the drizzle, had hope in their eyes, belief in their tongues, and strength in their hearts. I used to think miserably of other boats at the South end of this same ocean—a quarter full of people deprived of these things. A young man kindly explained to me how Canada had suffered through what he called "the Imperial connection": how she had been diversely bedeviled by English statesmen for

political reasons. He did not know his luck, nor would he believe me when I tried to point it out; but a nice man in a plaid (who knew South Africa) lurched round the corner and fell on him with facts and imagery which astonished his patriotic young mind. The plaid finished his outburst with the uncontradicted statement that the English were mad. All our talks ended on that note.

IT was an experience to move in the midst of a new contempt. One understands and accepts the bitter scorn of the Dutch; the hopeless anger of one's own race in South Africa is also part of the burden; but the Canadian's profound, sometimes humorous, often bewildered, always polite contempt of the England of to-day cuts a little. You see, that late unfashionable war was very real to Canada. She sent several men to it, and a thinly-populated coun-



Champlain Street, Quebec. A steep hillside street that climbs from the lower city to the heights where loom the Citadel and the Chateau Frontenac

try is apt to miss her dead more than a crowded one. When, from her point of view, they have died for no conceivable advantage, moral or material, her business instincts, or it may be mere animal love of her children, cause her to remember and resent quite a long time after the thing should be decently forgotten. I was shocked at the vehemence with which some men (and women) spoke of the affair. Some of them went so far as to discuss—on the ship and elsewhere—whether England would stay in the family or whether, as some eminent statesman was said to have asserted in private talk, she would cut the painter to save expense. One man argued, without any heat, that she would not so much break out of the Empire in one flurry, as politically vend her children one by one to the nearest Power that threatened her comfort; the sale in each case to be preceded by a steady blast of abuse of the chosen victim. He quoted—really these people have viciously long memories!—the five-year campaign of abuse against South Africa as a precedent and a warning.

Our Tobacco Parliament next set itself to consider by what means, if this happened, Canada could keep her identity unsubmerged; and that led to one of the most curious talks I have ever heard. It seemed to be decided that she might—just might—pull through by the skin of her teeth as a nation—if

said: "Isn't it lovely? Don't you think it's beautiful? We love it."

At Quebec there is a sort of place, much infested by locomotives, like a coal-chute, whence rise the heights that Wolfe's men scaled on their way to the Plains of Abraham. Perhaps of all the tide-marks in all our lands the affair of Quebec touches the heart and the eye more nearly than any other. Everything met there; France, the jealous partner of England's glory by land and sea for eight hun-



"The Plains of Abraham are crowned with all sorts of beautiful things—including a jail and a factory. Montcalm's left wing is marked by the jail"

dred years; England, bewildered as usual, but for a wonder not openly opposing Pitt, who knew; those other people, destined to break from England as soon as the French peril was removed; Montcalm himself, doomed and resolute; Wolfe, the inevitable trained workman appointed for the finish; and somewhere in the background one James Cook, master of H.M.S. *Mercury*, making beautiful and delicate charts of the St. Lawrence River.

For these reasons the Plains of Abraham are crowned with all sorts of beautiful things—including a jail and a factory. Montcalm's left wing is marked by the jail, and Wolfe's right by the factory. There is, happily, now a movement on foot to abolish these adornments and turn the battlefield and its surroundings into a park, which by nature and association would be one of the most beautiful in our world.

Yet, in spite of jails on the one side and convents on the other and the thin black wreck of the Quebec Railway Bridge, lying like a dumped earload of tin cans in the river, the Eastern Gate to Canada is noble with a dignity beyond words. We saw it very early, when the under sides of the clouds turned chilly pink over a high-piled, brooding, dusky-purple city. Just at the point of dawn, what looked like the Sultan Harun-al-Raschid's own private shallop, all spangled with colored lights, stole across the iron-gray water, and disappeared into the darkness of a slip. She came out again in three minutes, but the full day had come too; so she snapped off her masthead steering and cabin



"The St. Lawrence . . . played up nobly"

(but this was doubtful) England did not help others to hammer her. Now, twenty years ago one would not have heard any of this sort of thing. If it sounds a little mad, remember that the Mother Country was, throughout, considered as a lady in violent hysterics.

Just at the end of the talk one of our twelve or thirteen hundred steerage-passengers leaped overboard, ulstered and booted, into a confused and bitter cold sea. Every horror in the world has its fitting ritual. For the fifth time—and four times in just such weather—I heard the screw stop; saw our wake curve like a whiplash as the great township wrenched herself round; the lifeboat's crew hurry to the boat-deck; the bareheaded officer race up the shrouds and look for any sign of the poor head that had valued itself so lightly. A boat amid waves can see nothing. There was nothing to see from the first. We waited and quartered the ground back and forth for a long hour, while the rain fell and the seas slapped along our sides, and the steam fluttered drearily through the escapes. Then we went ahead.

THE St. Lawrence on the last day of the voyage played up nobly. The maples along its banks had turned—blood red and splendid as the banners of lost youth. Even the oak is not more of a national tree than the maple, and the sight of its welcome made the folks aboard still more happy. A dry wind brought along all the clean smell of their Continent-mixed odors of sawn lumber, virgin earth, and wood-smoke; and they snuffed it, and their eyes softened as they identified point after point along their own beloved river—places where they played and fished and amused themselves in holiday time. It must be pleasant to have a country of one's very own to show off. Understand, they did not in any way boast, shout, squeak, or exclaim—these even-voiced returned men and women. They were simply and unfeignedly glad to see home again, and they



"Canada sent several men to that late unfashionable war"

electricians, and turned into a dingy white ferry-boat, full of cold passengers. I spoke to a Canadian about her. "Why, she's the old So-and-So, to Port Lévis," he answered, wondering as the Cockney wonders when a stranger stares at an Inner Circle train. This was his Inner Circle—the Zion where he was all at ease. He drew my attention to stately city and stately river with the same tranquil pride that we each feel when the visitor steps across our threshold, whether that be Southampton Water on a gray, wavy morning; Sydney Harbor with a regatta in full swing; or Table Mountain, radiant and new-washed after the Christmas rains. He had, quite rightly, felt personally responsible for the

weather, and every flaming stretch of maple since we had entered the river. (The Northwest in these parts is equivalent to the Southeast elsewhere, and may impress a guest unfavorably.)

Then the autumn sun rose, and the man smiled. Personally and politically he said he loathed the city—but it was his.

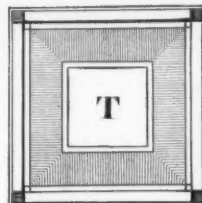
"Well," he asked at last, "what do you think? Not so bad?"

"Oh, no. Not at all so bad," I answered; and it wasn't till much later that I realized that we had exchanged the countersign which runs clear round the Empire.

¶ The second article of the series, to be printed next week, "The Relatives at Work," tells how the author was dazzled by Canadian after-luncheon oratory and of how he was impressed by the railroads' progress and development of the country.

More Tainted News

Manufacturing Public Opinion in Favor of the Aldrich Currency Bill



THE following letters tell their own story, without leaving too much to the imagination of any one familiar with the most modern methods practised by the larger interests, in achieving their purposes. All were written by a man whose letter-heads do not disclose his occupation further than to say "P. S. Ridsdale, Wilkes-Barre, Pa." They were addressed to a newspaper man in a distant State, whose business is the sending of such local news arising in his vicinity as is of sufficient importance to the metropolitan newspapers.

The letter, with some omissions, follows:

"Dear Sir—I am able to place you in the way of extending your business . . . and think it will result in a considerable increase in your income. It is to obtain certain kinds of news, for which you will be paid extra in addition to the regular newspaper rates. I will be glad to put you next to the work, as a good man is required in your territory.

"Very truly yours, P. S. RIDSDALE."

The recipient of this letter answered, and in due time came the details:

"Dear Sir—I wish to have published in as many papers as possible opinions of prominent business men and bankers of your district favorable to the Aldrich Currency Bill, now before the Senate. . . .

"What I want to get published as widely as you can is the following:

"That there is still such uneasiness over the recent financial crisis, that all business men of your community are anxious for some currency legislation at the earliest possible moment consistent with the importance of the subject.

(Then is advanced a long brief in favor of the Aldrich bill—a digest of the sort of thing which the hired advocate is supposed to put into the mouths of the prominent men whom he interviews.)

"Now it is likewise the opinion of all the level-headed men of the community that the Aldrich bill, better than any other brought out, meets this urgent necessity, and there is general demand in the community, irrespective of party or politics, that the Aldrich bill be passed and become a law as quickly as possible.

"On broad lines, this is what I want. It is important to get opinions favorable to the bill from men of prominence whose names carry weight regarding the effect on your particular section, and, if they are big men, on the country at large.

"For your special efforts in this direction I am willing to pay you \$10 for each story of about half a column that you can place in the big city papers, such as New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, New Orleans, Nashville, Tenn., or cities of that size; and \$2 for each article placed in your local papers, or in any city or town papers which are not classed as big papers. You should have no trouble in landing much of this stuff. It is good news. The smaller papers in the district you cover, while they would probably not pay you space rates for the stories, would be glad to use them. You can also duplicate the stories to the big papers.

"I must ask you to send me at the same time you send it out, a carbon copy of each story, with a list of the papers to which it is sent, and then, upon the receipt of each clipping of the story which you send me, with the date of publication and the name of the paper publishing it at the top, I will send you a check for it.

"It is necessary to get this going as soon as possible. I would suggest interviews with your prominent bankers and business men at once on the subject of publication in your local papers, and then a story built up from these interviews in the big papers.

"Will you let me know as soon as you can if you desire to take up this work and what you think you can do with it?"

"Wishing you success and hoping that I may have to send you many good-sized checks, I am,
Yours very truly, P. S. RIDSDALE.

"I must ask you, of course, to treat this matter as strictly confidential."

That is the scheme. Now who is paying the bills? From whose pocket comes the "\$10 for each story . . . in the big city papers," and "\$2 for each article . . . in any . . . papers . . . not classed as big papers"? Not Ridsdale. He is, or was until recent affluence came his way, a worker on the daily papers and the local correspondent of out-of-town papers.

The Aldrich Currency Bill is fair subject for debate. Many speeches on it will be made in Congress, and hundreds of newspapers will print editorials which reflect their sincere convictions. Out of all this thrashing, pro and con, ought to come sound final judgment. But some one, who has a pecuniary interest in the passage of the bill, fears the result of this process of making public opinion. Who is it? Enough has been said as to those who would most profit by the Aldrich bill to justify the inference that he does not live in Wilkesbarre. Making that small city the home and centre of this "tainted news" campaign suggests a Machiavellian hand.

made. Senator Hopkins secured for his son, James S., who had only recently been made a master through the deal between Hopkins and Judge Kohlsaat, detailed in last week's article, a large and well-lighted chamber on the eighth floor, adjoining the office of Marshal Hoy, the Senator's campaign director. To Master Booth was assigned a dark, low-ceiled attic room, which he refused to occupy. To-day Booth holds his hearings in his own offices.

From the first Master Hopkins's room was used almost exclusively as the Senator's political headquarters. It was occupied nearly all of last year by a corps of young women stenographers, who were engaged in getting out personal campaign letters, speeches, and other literature for Hopkins.

Early in December last the conspicuous uses to which the room was being put aroused public protest, and the matter was brought to the attention of the Washington authorities. Immediately Senator Hopkins abandoned the apartment as a campaign bureau, and as Master Hopkins rarely gets a case of reference, the room in the already overcrowded Federal Building, generally locked and deserted, is so much waste space.

Behind Hopkins in his campaign for reelection stand, not the people, but the members of the far-spreading organization he has been building industriously for many years. As illustration, observe the make-up of the Senator's campaign committee. Here are some of the names, given up with some reluctance by John Peffers, manager of the Hopkins campaign correspondence bureau:

Charles P. Hitch, United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Illinois, chairman; C. P. ("Buster") Gardner, State Senator, chairman of executive committee; Luman T. Hoy, United States Marshal for the Northern District, chairman of the organization committee; W. A. Northcott, United States District Attorney for the Southern District, chairman of the committee on newspapers and speakers; Sidney B. Miller, postmaster, Cairo; Fenton W. Booth, Marshall, United States Judge of the Court of Claims at Washington; Orville F. Berry, Carthage, State Senator, member of the State Senate "combine," and beneficiary of Federal receiverships; W. E. Trautmann, East St. Louis, United States District Attorney for the Eastern District, who once declared that, when he was a member of the State Legislature that chose Hopkins as Senator, he received from Hopkins's political manager a check for \$2,500; L. A. Townsend, Galesburg, United States Marshal for the Southern District; John C. Ames, Streator, United States Collector of Customs, Chicago.

These are all typical Hopkins men, tied to his organization by reason of their indebtedness to him for their offices, or on account of expected favors.

A Surety Company's Use of the Senator's Name

SINCE 1903 the Federal departments represented in Chicago have practically been reorganized by Hopkins and Representative "Billy" Lorimer, the Senator's chief satrap in the Illinois metropolis. To make way for Luman T. Hoy, Hopkins's campaign manager, John C. Ames was promoted from marshal to the office of collector of customs. As appraiser, Hopkins secured the appointment of Thomas O'Shaughnessy, a political underling who had made himself useful to Lorimer. Another of the old generals of the Lorimer organization, "Dr." T. N. Jamieson, was made naval officer of the port. Fred Busse, the present Mayor of Chicago, received the appointment as postmaster in order to win over to the Hopkins-Lorimer machine the support of the North Side wards, controlled by Busse. When Busse resigned, to run for mayor, Daniel A. Campbell, head of the notorious Senate "combine" in the State Legislature, and a man who had grown rich in politics, was put in as postmaster in order to line up for Hopkins that section of the city of Chicago which acknowledged Campbell as master.

Hopkins sees nothing to excite adverse criticism in all this. By the code he uses, men must pay for what they get, and that implies bargaining, and good bargains fall to the shrewd and the unscrupulous.

To use his high office and his political prominence as business assets is no strain on this Senator's conscience. He himself has said as much in discussing the affairs of the Illinois Surety Company, a bonding concern which he organized soon after his election to the Senate.

Organized to bond employees, especially municipal, State, and Federal employees, Hopkins personally solicited subscriptions of capital stock in the company. In Chicago, he went from office to office, interesting the heads of powerful corporations in his project. His success in enlisting corporation capital was amazing to financial men. Capitalized at \$250,000, the company started business with a surplus of \$50,000.

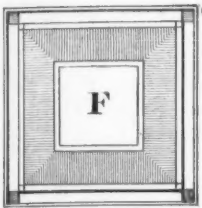
Among the men whom Hopkins induced to subscribe to his stock, together with the amounts, were these: W. E. Corey, president, and Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the United States Steel Corporation, \$10,000 each; E. J. Buffington, president of the Illinois Steel Company, \$10,000; Isaac L. Ellwood, capitalist and former steel magnate, \$10,000; W. C. Brown, vice-president New York Central Railroad Company, \$10,000; Albert G. Wheeler, promoter and formerly president of the Illinois Tunnel Company, \$30,000; A. W. Green, president of the National Biscuit Company, \$10,000; John R. Walsh and Fred M. Blount, president and vice-president, respectively, of the Chicago National Bank, \$50,000; John H. Pierce, coal operator and formerly president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, \$10,000; Charles H. Deere, banker

Senate Undesirables:

Albert J. Hopkins

The Second of Two Articles about the Junior United States Senator from Illinois, indicating the connection between his politics and his business

By A. S. HENNING



OR Senator Hopkins, politics has proved a paying business. The profits have been large—and the expenses also. But the secret of making the people bear the cost of the game was his long ago. The story of how he put his eldest son into the office of master in chancery has been told; at various times nearly every

member of his family has been on the Government payroll; for years the commanders of his political army—from the generals to the sergeants—have been paid out of the United States Treasury. Into his own hands have passed big fees for work that was of small consequence, or that was performed by some one else. He has planted his campaign headquarters in the very building erected in Chicago for Federal uses. His high office has been used to boom the business of a bonding company. In behalf of constituents who have helped him to his seat in the Senate, Hopkins has sought contracts from the United States Government. Aggressively he has followed the theory that his office is, first of all, a means for advancing his own interests.

In 1903 James S. Hopkins, the Senator's eldest son, was drawing \$4 a day as a "special employee" of the Treasury Department, assigned to Chicago. Later, another son, Albert J., Jr., was put on the Treasury payroll. Hopkins's son-in-law, David Peffers, was for a number of years clerk of the Committee on Fisheries of the Senate, at \$1,800 a year. Hopkins was chairman of that committee, and at the same time used Mr. Peffers as his private secretary. John M. Peffers, David's brother, and Harry Peffers, another brother, also shared the same fortunate berth. In 1905 Harry Peffers was put down in the Government Blue Book as an employee of the Census Bureau at \$1,200 a year. Hopkins's private secretary now is Oscar Carlson. Mr. Carlson is drawing \$2,200 a year as clerk of the Senate Committee on Enrolled Bills (Hopkins, chairman).

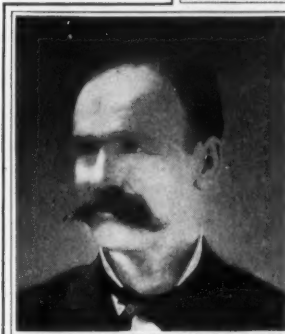
So the tale runs. Students of Hopkins's record extend it indefinitely. It is not, however, a habit of thrift peculiar to the Illinois Senator. In the Senate there are instances a-plenty of the use of such talents. No one who knows Hopkins would say that he is an originator, but, given the necessary precedent to satisfy his conscience, none can work harder at the game than he. Turn for an illustration to his campaign methods; and let it be said here that they are illuminating—and devious.

William E. Mason's term as Senator expired March 3, 1903. Early in 1902 Representative Hopkins started after Mason's scalp. It was an easy tuft to capture; Mason, as a Senator, was notoriously a joke. The steel interests of Illinois favored Hopkins, and "Billy" Lorimer, who had been out of Congress for two years, backed the Aurora statesman. Governor Yates was also drawn into the combination by Lorimer. The hardest task before Hopkins then was to get the endorsement of the delegates from his home county of Kane to the Republican State Convention, for it is a proverb in Aurora that the people who know most about Hopkins like him least.

The Aurora Republican Club, formed to support Hopkins in his campaign for Senator, had as president Captain C. H. Smith, head of the Western Wheeled Scraper Company, a company that has twice secured large contracts from the United States, the second not longer ago than last September. This club endorsed certain candidates for county offices, whom Hopkins also endorsed. A caucus was called to settle on the Republican candidates, and also to decide as to the delegates to the State Convention, the endorsement of which Hopkins must have if he wished to win the Senatorship.



The Residence of Senator Hopkins at Aurora, Ill.



A picture of Albert J. Hopkins, taken in 1880, about the time he became State's Attorney of Kane County

The "Brady Hall Caucus" of March 20, 1902, deserves a chapter in the history of ring politics; it should be written in capitals in Hopkins's biography. This characteristic bit of underhanded manipulation made certain the choice of the Aurora Congressman as Senator. Hopkins's Republican club chose as the place for the caucus Brady Hall, its own headquarters, on the third floor of a business building in Aurora. In the large hall used by the club it was announced that the polling place would be a small room near the end of the narrow corridor leading from the hall to the narrow stairway to the street. The polling place had been built for, and used as, a toilet-room. The only door leading into it had been closed and locked, but a small opening had been

cut in the wall between the toilet-room and the corridor, through which the voter must pass his ticket.

Inside the locked toilet-room sat the judges, L. A. Constantine, postmaster at Aurora by favor of Congressman Hopkins, and his associates named by Captain Smith. Voters first went upstairs to the large hall, then formed in line, marched out past the little window in the toilet-room, and passed downstairs. Early in the day a special train, bearing 200 employees of Captain Smith's Western Wheeled Scraper Company, pulled in, and the men were marched, a foreman to every fifteen, straight to Brady Hall, where they deposited yellow ballots as their unwilling tribute to their employer's candidates for county offices and to the rising genius of Albert J. Hopkins.

The Aftermath of the "Brady Hall Caucus"

OUT of 2,786 votes cast, Postmaster Constantine and his associate judges announced that the Hopkins ticket had received 1,524 and the anti-Hopkins ticket 1,262. No representative of the anti-Hopkins voters was permitted to witness the counting.

Senator Hopkins has explained that he intercepted Secretary Taft at St. Louis after the Secretary had started for the Philippines and around the world last September, merely to secure Mr. Taft's assurance that his constituent, Captain C. H. Smith, president and principal owner of the Western Wheeled Scraper Company, and former president of the Aurora Republican Club, would secure equal and just treatment as a bidder for the contract to furnish dump-cars to be used on the Panama Canal. Hopkins represented to the Secretary that Captain Smith would be compelled to throw out of employment a large number of workmen unless the Government awarded to the Western Wheeled Scraper Company the contract it sought.

COLLIER'S is glad to advertise the Senator's offer to do as much for anybody from northern Illinois as he did for Captain Smith. "What am I in Washington for?" the Senator wants to know.

In 1904 the Federal Building in Chicago was completed. Through the efforts of Will Booth, a Federal master in chancery, an order was secured from the Secretary of the Treasury assigning to himself and the other masters quarters in the building. Until then they had held their hearings in their own offices, for which they paid rent. Will Booth died, and was succeeded by his brother, Hervey W., before the change was

and plow manufacturer, \$10,000; M. W. Borders, confidential agent of Nelson Morris Meat Packing Company, \$10,000; Fred L. Mandel, secretary of Mandel Brothers, dry goods and importers, \$5,000; Andrew J. Graham, private banker and Democratic politician, \$5,000; Roger C. Sullivan, Democratic National Committeeman and gas magnate, \$5,000; John P. Hopkins, capitalist and Sullivan's political partner, \$5,000; Newton C. Dougherty, formerly superintendent of the Peoria, Illinois, schools, \$1,000; Frank J. Quinn, a political lieutenant of Roger Sullivan at Peoria, \$500. Hopkins himself took \$25,000 of the stock, his son, James S., \$1,000, and John M. Peppers, his son-in-law's brother, \$5,000.

As the Hopkins campaign committee might be read as a directory of the men who owe their jobs to the continued smooth operation of the Hopkins machine, so the array of names listed above might stand for a fairly complete roll-call of those with whom the Senator is associated financially. These men know the advantage of a skilful mingling of business and politics. Is Hopkins a conservative—a very conservative—tariff reformer? Well, here are Mr. Gary, Mr. Corey, Mr. Elwood, and Mr. Buffington of the "Steel crowd" to applaud

ered a period of about twenty weeks. Occasionally the Senator attended the hearings, but he really knew nothing about the details of the case. His court appearances were few and were made rather in the rôle of a spectator than as a lawyer.

What has been this Senator's stand on matters of concern to his State? Since Hopkins was promoted from the lower house, two measures have occupied a large share of Governor Deneen's attention. One was to secure for Illinois a valid direct primary law, and the other to make possible the carrying out of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway project. Hopkins has said that he has favored the primary legislation, and a part of his inspired biography is given up to an account of his work on behalf of the deep waterway project. But—

In the State Legislature it has been observed during the three years that Governor Deneen has battled for primary legislation that the members who were tied up to the Hopkins machine have been the most active opponents of the reform. The Fourteenth and Forty-first Senate Districts, included in Hopkins's Congressional District, have been regarded as under the Senator's full control. Henry H. Evans of Aurora, Fourteenth, and Richard J. Barr of Joliet, Forty-first, are the State Senators, and the six Representatives from the two districts are—Fourteenth: Charles H. Backus, Charles C. Hoge, and N. L. Johnson, a Prohibitionist; Forty-first: G. L. Bush, Frank L. Parker, and Thomas L. Riley, Democrat. Senator Evans, a member of the notorious "combine" that has put through the worst of the corporation legislation that has disgraced the State in the last twenty years, is one of Senator Hopkins's chief lieutenants.

Both Senators Barr and Evans were counted among the principal opponents of direct primary legislation throughout the two sessions of the Legislature in which Governor Deneen unsuccessfully pressed for the reform. Senator C. P. ("Buster") Gardner, chairman of Hopkins's campaign finance committee, was another bitter foe of the proposed law. While Deneen was asking for direct plurality primaries, Gardner introduced a primary bill of his own, the only provision of which was that the primaries of political parties should be held on the same day throughout the State. The Deneen bill was forced through the Senate on January 23 last over the heads of the Hopkins Senators, and when it was passed by the House on January 29, the only Republican from Hopkins's district who voted in the affirmative was Representative Parker.

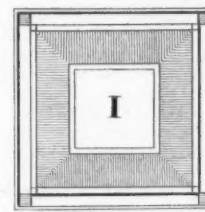
In the long list of members of Hopkins's campaign committee only one name has ever been indicated as that

he found the stream blocked by a dam at Dresden Heights that was built by the Economy Light and Power Company, a Chicago lighting concern. This company had secured, by circuitous methods, and for a song, from the commissioners in charge of the old, disused Illinois and Michigan Canal, which parallels the Desplaines River, land and the right to build the dam. The Illinois and Michigan Canal Board of Trustees was dominated at that moment by Congressman Snapp, a close friend and chief ally of Senator Hopkins. When, through Governor Deneen's persistence in urging the opening of the Desplaines River to navigation and the removal of the Economy Company's dam, the facts became known, the Legislature could no longer resist the pressure. The necessary legislation was secured. But all along State Senator Barr of Joliet (one of Hopkins's men) had fought the measure. Before the scandal had a public airing, he had killed it, and even on its final passage when former opponents were hurriedly lining up in its favor, the Hopkins Senators were fighting it. Both Barr and Gardner voted against it, and Evans was among those "absent or not voting."

A Nerve Specialist to His Patients

By FREDERICK PETERSON, M. D.

V—To a Patient on the Subject of Diet



DO not wonder that you feel so confused in the matter of what you should and should not eat. Your experience is like that of many others, who, instead of consulting and following the directions of one physician, have consulted several, and at the same time listened to the advice of various friends who have dietetic fads as well as

pamphlets to distribute relating to their peculiar views. One physician advised five litres of milk per day and nothing else. Another said avoid milk because it is full of bacteria and ptomaines. Some one recommended a grape cure. Some one else told you to eat nothing but Hamburger steaks. One said, avoid bread because it is "the staff of death" instead of "the staff of life." A physician told you that beef and mutton should be your main standby, while one of his colleagues described to you the various parasites that man acquires from them as well as from fish and pork. You gave up oysters because of the typhoid bacillus. One friend had a fad on raw foods, and strongly tempted you to follow her example and eat nothing but raw fruits, nuts, and vegetables.

A Case Where Doctors Disagree

METCHNIKOFF'S works, which fell into your hands just then, proved that all raw foods were a source of danger, and that not even fruits, nuts, lettuce, radishes, etc., should be eaten raw. You read of the absolute necessity of sterilizing milk both for children and adults. Along came a Leipsic doctor, who proved by experiment that the bacteria found in milk are necessary, and that we thrive best on milk in its natural state, unsterilized.

Of course you were deluged with polemics against animal food and dissertations favoring vegetarianism, and with advertisements of postnostrum, breakfast shavings, nut-butter, nut-bread, and queerer coffees, till finally, as confusion and doubt grew stronger in your mind, you fled again to the medical consulting room for enlightenment. There you learned so much about proteids, hydrocarbons and fats, hyperchloridia and hypochloridia, pepsin and pancreatins and calories, that you felt more at sea than ever. You were said to be underfed, your assimilation was poor, and you should eat six times daily.

Then Chittenden's book came your way, telling us we eat altogether too much, and that leaving off breakfast will cure rheumatism. A phrase of Maeterlinck's has stuck in your memory to the effect that if we should all give up meat and alcohol poverty would disappear from the world.

The dietaries carefully made out for you by different physicians all differed more or less in accordance with their divergent views, and governed sometimes by the personal equation. For instance, one famous consultant told you to avoid apples because they were a poison (they disagreed with him). Another expurgated bananas (he could not digest them). A third spoke strongly against strawberries (he did not like them). A fourth cut off all meats (he was an amateur vegetarian). A fifth said he was a vegetarian, but not a fanatic, as he ate meat whenever he could get it.

While there is in all this a somewhat serious aspect, I think you are on the whole quite right to take a humorous view of the situation, and I agree with you that there are a few common-sense rules which should guide us in dietetics, following which we shall not go far astray.

It is doubtless a fact that "Probably Arboreal" subsisted chiefly on nuts and fruits at first, but it is equally certain that he would have gone the way of his herbivorous brothers (now sleeping permanently in the strata of the earth) during the cataclysms and catastrophes, the famines, floods, fires, scourges, and while through the ages he was skulking in caves and forests to hide from the carnivores, if he had not himself become omnivorous and thus strengthened his chances for permanent existence and the final conquest of the earth. And since man has thus for myriads of generations been an omnivorous animal, it is reasonable to suppose that all his organs have become so adapted to a mixed diet that any abrupt or striking change of regimen would tend to be harmful rather than beneficial.

Illinois Surety Company

HOME OFFICE
184 LA SALLE STREET

TELEPHONE MAIN 300
AUTOMATIC 1840

FRED M. BLOUNT, PRESIDENT	ALBERT J. HOPKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT	EVAN A. EVANS, TREASURER
H. W. WATKINS, SECRETARY	HOPKINS, PEPPERS & HOPKINS, GENERAL COUNSEL	

DIRECTORS

ISAAC L. ELLWOOD, Capitalist, DeKalb, Ill.	W. ALBERT J. HOPKINS, U. S. Senator, Aurora, Ill.
W. ALBERT J. HOPKINS, U. S. Senator, Aurora, Ill.	CHARLES H. DEERE, President Peoples' Savings Bank, Moline, Ill.

Part of the front cover of an advertising pamphlet sent out by the Illinois Surety Company showing Hopkins's business to be "U. S. Senator."

his course. Does he raise his voice for real protection for the American manufacturer? Mr. Deere and Mr. Pierce, through the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, have also worked hard for the same thing, and have made their power felt in shaping corporation legislation in their State. Must "harmony" prevail in order to leave a United States Senator free to pursue his statesmanly course undisturbed by dissensions at home? Through Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Graham, and John P. Hopkins, Democrats, the friendly interest of the opposition city and State organizations was secured. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Blount stood as the financial backers of the Lorimer crowd of Federal politicians. A skilfully contrived list? It is not open to doubt.

The Hopkins Way to Succeed at the Law

BUT the Senator has been less fortunate than skilful in selecting his associates. For instance: Newton C. Dougherty, the Peoria Superintendent of Schools, has been jailed as an embezzler of school funds to the estimated amount of \$750,000; a technicality saved Albert G. Wheeler, the promoter-president of the Illinois Tunnel Company, who was indicted for complicity in the conspiracy to falsify the minutes of the Chicago City Council which affected the company's franchise rights; Mr. Walsh has been convicted by a Federal jury for irregular banking methods.

In face of the fact that his name is printed in the advertising literature of the Illinois Surety Company in this way,

"Hon. ALBERT J. HOPKINS . . . U. S. Senator . . . Aurora, Ill."

Senator Hopkins declares that his office as Senator has never been used to attract business to the company. The statement implies an extraordinary ignorance of the company's methods—an ignorance that hardly consists with his position as vice-president. In Chicago, Federal officeholders were well enough aware of Hopkins's interest in the bonding company. The onslaught of its agents on these men almost reached the stage of a public scandal. Department heads in the post-office and other Federal offices were given the impression that one of the conditions on which they might make appointments and secure promotion was that they and their subordinates should secure bonds from this company.

Beyond the Federal and into the State and, under Busse's administration, the city offices, the name and influence of the Senator have been carried. Take this case: John Hanberg, an old-time ally of Congressman Lorimer, was treasurer of Cook County, in which Chicago is, from 1902 to 1906. During the last two years of that period Hanberg required the 400 employees of the office to obtain their surety from Hopkins's company. For a \$2,500 bond an employee was required to pay \$6, and for other amounts the rate varied proportionately.

John R. Thompson, one of Governor Deneen's allies, succeeded Hanberg as county treasurer. After investigating, he decided that the employees were being charged an exorbitant rate for their surety. He opened competitive bids for the bonding of the Treasury employees. The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company got the business, charging the employees at the rate of \$4 for a \$2,500 bond.

As a lawyer, Hopkins has succeeded. Instance the fee of \$24,000 paid to him as counsel for the Sanitary District of Chicago. In 1903, the Sanitary District proposed to condemn certain property of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad adjoining Chicago's Union Depot, in order to widen the Chicago River to get a greater flow of water through the drainage canal. At that time the Board of Trustees of the Sanitary District was controlled by Representative Lorimer, and it was through Lorimer's influence that Hopkins was retained. The work was turned over to Fred A. Dolph, at that time Hopkins's partner, and the litigation cov-



"Dr." Jamieson, naval officer of the port, Chicago

Newton C. Dougherty, ex-Supt. of Schools, Peoria, Ill.



Daniel A. Campbell, Postmaster of Chicago

R. C. Sullivan, Democratic National Committeeman

These four men have been useful in furthering Senator Hopkins's political ambitions. Newton C. Dougherty is in jail for embezzling school funds. Roger Sullivan is a stockholder in Hopkins's Illinois Surety Company. Daniel Campbell and "Doctor" T. N. Jamieson hold their offices by reason of the Senator's friendliness

of a man who favored the primary method of making nominations. Mr. Hoy expressed the predominant sentiment when he said:

"No, the committee does not favor direct primaries. We believe it unwise to do away with the party convention, in which the party's candidates have been named and policies determined since parties were first organized."

To set against the Hopkins biographical burst concerning his enthusiasm for the deep waterway project are certain facts that should be told.

When the Governor sought authority to develop the Desplaines River, a necessary part of the Illinois link,

Our first principle in dietetics must be that a mixed diet is as a rule best for mankind. I do believe, however, that in the course of evolution we shall ultimately come through sentiment to abandoning the slaughter of animals for food, and we should begin now to reduce our daily meat allowance to a minimum. This does not mean the giving up of all animal food, for eggs, milk, cheese, and butter will probably remain permanent fixtures in our dietaries.

That we all eat too much and lay a great burden upon our bodies in so doing is likewise a fact, and our second principle in the matter of diet should be to reduce the quantity of food taken daily to an amount commensurate with good health. Any loss of weight, provided the weight is already normal in proportion to height, would be an index of too great a reduction.

While the food should be varied in quality and small in quantity, it should be the best of its kind and prepared with the greatest simplicity. Bad cooking is no more injurious than the other extreme—impressionism in culinary art. Plainly cooked meats and vegetables, without grease or condiments; fruits, nuts, etc., in their natural state as desired; simple soups and purées; well-baked or twice-baked bread (like toast or zwieback); milk, butter, cream, cheese, eggs; water, mild tea, and coffee for drinks, and in very small quantity at meals—all this should afford a good basis for a substantial hygienic dietary for a healthy person.

In cases of illness of various kinds some alteration of the diet is at times required. It is usually best to overfeed an exhausting nervous condition. It is usually best to underfeed a genuine stomach disorder, when it

is really known to exist. Common sense is applicable here as in all other conditions. Individuality in assimilation and the habits, likes, and dislikes of a lifetime must be taken into consideration in each particular case. Much as pie is to be despised as food, I once allowed it every morning for breakfast to an old Rhode Islander who had had a stroke of apoplexy, because he begged for it strenuously and had not gone without it for breakfast for sixty years. Just as allowances must be made for a pie-habit, so with regard to other foods long-existing idiosyncrasies must be taken into consideration. I am afraid our science has not yet become exact enough to permit of our basing an exact dietary upon our conception of a patient's assimilation gained from the most careful chemical analysis of his digestive fluids or from measurements of the size of the stomach.

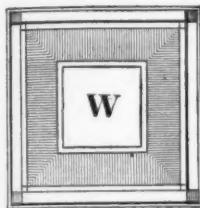
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XVI—Enjoyment of Hunger Among Poor Mans

By HASHIMURA TOGO

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24, 1908.

To my friendship companion, Editor COLIER WEEKLY, which is a very warm thing. DEAR MR.—



HEN Hon. Taft make Presidential Speech to idle laboring classes in N. Y. of recently one Hungry Man in audience send up following question to know:

"How can I get job & food when I have not got it?"

Hon. Taft, which had been answering with prompt delivery such fearful difficult questions like "How to shut up the Tariff?" "What was dying speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson?" "Was Hamlet insane?" etc, make moment of solum hesitation before large simplicity of that Hungry Man question.

"How can I get job & food when I have not got it?"

For sixty-four seconds of clock-time he pause wiping dew-drop from neck, then, standing seriously with elbows in pockets, he make following famous reply, "God knows!"

Mr. Editor, I don't not believe that Hon. Taft referred that reply to higher authority because of ignorance inside of brain. Hon. Taft is kind & wise Judge of considerable practice—then why he not able to answer in 64 seconds that Question what laboring classes have been enquiring to know in North Dakota, South Dakota, Europe, Asia & Africa for 68 centuries? How can he be very nice President for these U. S. if not?

Maybe-so Hon. Taft will give some serious brain-thought to this problem before nomination-day. If he is too busy with himself to do it, Japanese Boy will told him how to find out. Go, please, at once and read editorial-page of Hon. Hearst where all Great Questions including marriage, socialism, underwear, care of teeth, religion, horse-racing etc. is answered to delicious satisfaction of all persons who read nothing else. Hon. Taft would not say "God only knows!" after such instructive course of reading.

BUT in the meanwhile, what have happen to that Hungry Man? If he is still waiting for meal-time he must be enjoying considerable Social Unrest, because Hunger and Social Unrest are very affectionate chums. Hon. Wilshire have heard of this Hungry Man question "How to get food when not got it?" and Hon. Wilshire answer with considerable speed. "By changing the Existing Order of Things." That is very intelligible reply, but I ask to know: Can that Hungry Man wait for lunch while Hon. Wilshire changes Existing Order of Things?

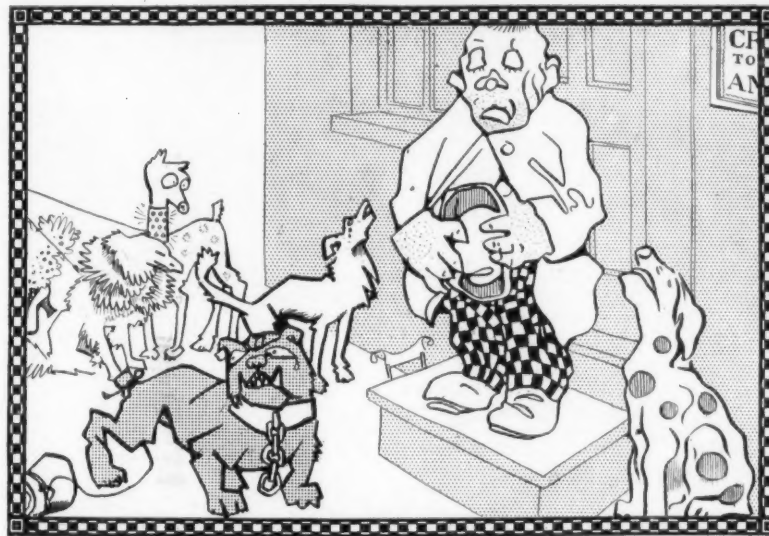
There is considerable conversation to be heard about changing Existing Order of Things. Maybe so it can be. But some kind gentleman what would change Existing Disorder of Things would receive more solid Japanese Vote.

I. Anazuma, Japanese barber of Taft enthusiasm, deploy, "Hungry Man can enquire of Charity for it."

I make considerable banzai with laugh. "Faith, Hope & Charity is celebrated triplets for sculptors to make," I allude. "Persons must have elaborate amounts of Faith & Hope to obtain some Charity out of them organizations of it."

"How deserving must poor be to obtain groceries for it?" ask this Anazuma. So I tell this Japanese barber following yarn-tale of charity while he was putting hair-cut on my head:

Hon. Oscar Casey, dough-baker for wages, suddenly become unemployed by no job. He would be delighted to make bread somewhere, but he is not required there, thank you. So he soon begin



Hon. Casey is kept outside with other sickly dogs

enjoying hunger & faint symptoms of esophagus. He make street-walk to see what. In midst of promenading he observe one intensely beautiful sky-scrape palace with sign on it "ORGANIZED MAGNATE CHARITY CO."

"Oh ha!" say Hon. Casey for blissful feeling. "I will apply myself to this charitable place and require some of it."

In Italian marble hallway Elevator Man meet him to enquire,

"Name, if convenient?"

"I am name Hon. Oscar Casey, formerly skillful at dough-baking."

"This is very wrong doorway for you," collapse Elevator Man. "Apply to tradesman entrance."

So down to tradesman entrance this Hon. Casey go, where he is collided by Hon. Janitor.

"What suffering from?" declaim this Hon. Janitor.

"I am enjoying hunger," signify this Hon. Casey.

"What degree of hunger?" he inquire to know.

"Thirty-third degree, please," pacify Casey who is sure of it.

"Have you one Doctor's Certificate to prove such a conditional appetite?" decri Hon. Janitor.

"I have neglected to get!" profess this Casey.

"Then go get!" say Janitor. "Come back next Wednesday-noon with doctoring Certificate to prove you are habitually hungry; also deliver references from 3 clubs and 2 banks to prove that you are financially responsible."

SAYING-SO thus Janitor make door-slam.

Hon. Casey exist, maybe, on Faith & Hope waiting for Charity to arrive by Wednesday-noon. That day he apply again to Janitor of Organized Magnate Charity.

"Have you bring them certificate?" demand that stern office.

"No, not to do, because could not," say Hon. Casey.

"You have come to wrong place," say Hon. Janitor. "Apply to Home for Feeble Minded." So to Feeble Minded Residence elope that hopeful Casey.

"What required, please?" say lady matron of that weak-thinking place.

"Something to eat!" demand Hon. Casey. Matron of soft-memory headquarters look very severe with face.

"Why did you not require at Organized Magnate Charity Co. for it?"

"I done so, please," say Casey.

"And what of?" collapse Hon. Matron.

"They treat me like dog!" say him.

"Quite well," deploy Hon. Madam. "Then you should apply to Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for helping aid."

Hon. Casey limp to Animal Cruelty place, but is kept outside with other sickly dogs while fashionable millinary inside listens to lecture on "Crimes of Vivisection."

What, then, can Casey do for luncheon which is becoming impatient? Where he go to obtain job of situation? When man ask for work in Pennsylvania they say, "Go to California." When he inquire for employment in California they deery, "Go to Arizona." When he report for job in Arizona they proclaim, "Go to Blazes!" By this time all his car-fare is too exhausted to continue travelling.

Hungry Man desiring to become criminal might burst in some bank—but what would he find if he did?

I AM a schoolfriend of Frank the Japanned Bootpolish who is a very thoughtful caretaker for shines on all feet with no extra charge for tan & Russian leather. His name, which is pronounce "Frank" in America-language, is called Kurumazitsu Ubonodzuruma in Japanese-talk. Nearly every a in this name is pronounced silently, please, which make a very delicious noise for all Japanese to hear. But America-mans cannot neglect business to finish such words; therefore they say "Frank," which is good short-order name for Christians to use.

This Frank, who is studying to be a Anarchist, come to me yesterday to use my room-rent.

"One million mans is now idly looking for work," he-say.

"In what city?" I require to examine. He is hesitated by confusion.

"I am neglectful to enquiry," he profess. "Maybe it was in New York or Chicago. It is difficult to suspect Syracuse or Toledo of so much idle population."

"FIGURES is habitually truthful," I suffocate in kind voice. "Therefore it is important to discover how to obtain jobs of employment for them 1,000,000 mans."

"Some 150,000 of them persons belongs to idly wealthy classes," renig this Frank. "It would be insulting to offer them jobs of employment."

"I am relieved to hear," I report. "It is our duty, then, to find work for merely 850,000 human persons who are not now doing so."

"This is not hard problem for 2 bright Japanese Boys to answer," promote that Hon. Frank sharpening pencil.

So with immediate quickness we find employment for them 850,000 workers by following statistick:

100,000 is to have jobs on Police Force which is never sufficiently enough.

250,000 is to be joined to Stand-up Army which Gen. Grant requires to fight Japan or some other friendly Power.

75,000 to be kerosene-sprinkles & encourage mosquitos to race-suicide.

100,000 to be Bill-collectors & take fines away from Quelled Corporations.

50,000 circus-riders to join Roosevelt's Rough Officers' Class.

575,000 for sum-total who we have got jobs for.

That leaved 245,000 still looking for work which Frank refused to find for them because he was enjoying considerable head-ache. We might have did some kindness of act for them, but could we? If Hon. Taft, when asked "How shall able-body worker get it?" must reply for answer "God knows!" is not Japanese Boys excusable for forgetting a few thousand?

Them 245,000 workers might do digging operations on Panama Canal, but would they? Climate is too much miasma down so low in the map. Hon. Frank the Japanned Bootpolish say-how that Hon. Roosevelt might move Panama Canal to New Jersey where climate is more callabrious. This is a very brilliant plan for Congress to ignore.

If them million mans is idly unemployed is it fault of America because? Many American patriots who says these U. S. have very wicked government are persons which comes from Baltic provinces of Russia where common people is not wonderfully successful about governing themselves. Can Pres. Roosevelt obtain cheerful advice from them persons which is only happy when enjoying misery?

Yet it is not best-beautiful thing for any kingdom to have 1,000,000 mans idly unemployed. Hon. Chancellor Day, famous Socialist, say it is all to blame of Pres. Roosevelt who done it. Maybe so it is. In great Christian country like this it is very dangerous experiment to preach the law "Thou shalt not steal." Panic of fear is apt to follow with general shut-up of factories, trust companies & other religious institutions.

HON. FORKER say, "This kingdom need some new President what will restore public Confidence."

Such brightness of idea! Let us have get-together and elect Hon. Forker so that all public Confidence Men can be restored to power!

Hoping you will be one of them,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—If you have got anything & wish to write it to me by letter, my address of residence is as following:

H. Togo, Patriots of Japan Boarding & Lodging.

Near Water Front Back room by Kitchenette

Care Frank the Japanned Bootpolish. San Francisco.

Sometime I am not to at-home, but Frank, which is one sweet schoolfriend to me, will poke it under door till I return from permanent seek for employment.

H. T.

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郷

Break ↑ ↑ ↑ O' Day



"Tell us more! More!" she begged

By

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

was watching for the new big liner, because it was Saturday morning, and I knew she'd be going out. Now here comes in the romantic point of view. The shabby gentleman said he wasn't interested in liners. (He called them ferryboats.) He said:

"I like to watch the tramps—the poor old rusty, ratty tramps. I like to watch 'em go sneaking out without anybody on the pier to wave handkerchiefs at 'em, and without any band to play. I like to wonder where they're going to and what'll happen to 'em before they come back again."

"He said:

"Think o' the ports they're bound for! Rio, like as not, or Buenos Ayres—' (And he pronounced Buenos Ayres right too.)

"Or maybe round the Horn, or maybe round the Cape or Perth and Melbourne and Sydney; or right out East to Hongkong and Yokohama.

"And maybe," he said, "they'll never get there at all. Maybe they'll break their poor cheap backs before they ever make a land-fall. Lots of them do. Oh, yes, it's the tramps I like to watch."

"I asked him if he'd ever been to sea and he stared at me and said of course he had. Everybody had. He said he knew all the seas in the world and most of the lands too, but that there were still some places left, and he was sure they'd be worth going to—like the others."

Mrs. Stanley, the hostess, gave a little laugh of delighted interest and clapped her hands together before her.

"Oh, what a charming person!" she cried. "Jimmy, dear, what a very charming person! If only I might have been with you! Tell us more. I adore that kind of man, you know."

She caught her husband's eye across the table and laughed again, and Stanley grinned back at her. He understood his enthusiastic wife rather better than most men do, and it was a never-ending satisfaction to him that he could be as badly in love with her as he was and at the same time derive so much amusement from her little ways, which were so much franker and more open than the ways of anybody else he knew. Her emotions were unusually near the surface, and it was difficult for her to conceal them. When she was embarrassed she blushed an even, deep crimson, when she was angry she sulked, exactly like a little child, and when she had a pain she wept.

Just now she clapped her small hands and beamed delightedly upon Jimmy Rogers as if she were not quite six years old and he were telling her fairy stories.

"Tell us more! More!" she begged.

"More?" said Jimmy Rogers. "Oh, yes, I have saved the best for the last—that is, it would be the best, I'm

sure, if one could make it out. I asked this chap what he was doing here and he said he was looking for the break o' day. Yes, just like that—the break o' day. And he wouldn't explain what he meant. It sounds poetical, but a bit obscure, and if anybody here can explain it I shall be very glad."

The people about the table began to laugh and to besiege Jimmy Rogers with questions, but Stanley observed that his wife did not laugh with the others. She had suddenly gone very white, and she bent her head down so that her face was in partial shadow; and, after a moment, he saw her lift her champagne glass to drink from it, and he saw that her hand was shaking.

As instinctively as he would have sprung to help her in another sort of danger he came forward now to her aid, attracting the attention of Jimmy Rogers and his other guests by a rapid flow of comment and question.

"And, oh!" said that young man presently, "I almost forgot. This chap asked whose place this was. Said he'd seen the house on the hill. He seemed much interested in you, Tommy, so maybe he's a burglar. You'd best have everything locked up tight."

Stanley stole a quick glance across the table and sat back with a little sigh of relief, for his wife seemed quite herself again, so, after all, he thought, it might have been a moment's pain, or faintness.

But late that night he heard her stirring about in her room long after the household was asleep. She seemed to be walking up and down, and once he thought he heard her sob. He was on the point of going in to comfort her, but he held back. He said that if she wanted him she would come to him of her own accord. Toward morning he rose and again listened at the door between the two rooms, but it was still there now and so he went back to bed quite easy in his mind.

ABOUT mid-afternoon of the following day Eleanor Stanley slipped out of the deserted house—for her husband had had to go up to town to see his lawyer people, and her guests were scattered about the countryside, motoring or playing golf—out of the house and down the long hill slope toward the shore. She passed the greenhouses, skirted for a way the high brick wall of the enclosed garden, passed through a narrow space of woodland, where firs and pine stood thinly over the rocky soil, and so came at last to the top of that bank which overhung the strip of beach and the private pier which her husband had had built for the convenience of his motor boats. There was a short flight of steps down the bank and at their foot a sort of rustic pavilion with two wooden seats. Here not even the gables or chimneys of the house were visible, but the ascending path was in plain sight as far as the wood of firs.

Mrs. Stanley went down the steps to the little pavilion and at the same moment a young man with a brown face and singularly beautiful gray eyes came out of the shrubbery at one side and stood waiting for her. The woman gave a sort of gasping cry and stopped short at the foot of the last step. So, for what seemed a very long time, the two were still, and there was no sound at all in the place save the regular whispering rush of the quiet sea upon the quiet sand.

It was the young man who spoke at last, and for some obscure reason he spoke in a whisper. He said:

"You got my letter, then?" And Mrs. Stanley nodded slowly, saying:

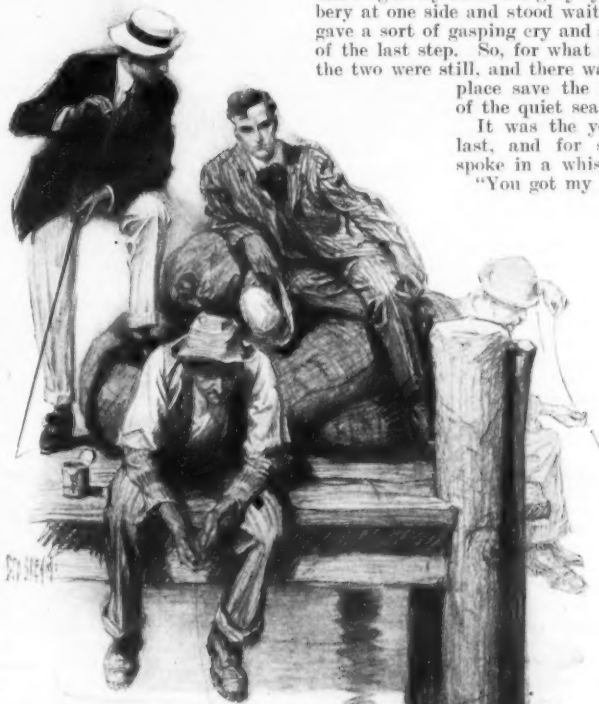
"Yes, Harry. Yes, I got it. This morning early."

"Break o' Day!" he cried all at once. "Break o' Day!" But the woman came forward a step or two, holding up her hands as if to check him.

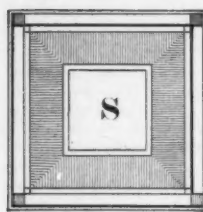
"No! no!" she said quickly. She was breathing very fast and her face was quite white. "Please, not that!" she said. "I came here to meet you, Harry, as you begged me to do, because—well, because I owed you that, perhaps. But I have come to ask you to go away and not trouble me. If you have any regard for me at all, you must see that that is the only thing you can do. I am married and I—love my husband very much, and I am happy. Please don't disturb me in my happiness. If you are half I have always thought you, you will leave me in peace."

The man was young, but he had lived a great deal in a short time, and he was not altogether a fool. He looked from Mrs. Stanley's white face with its resolute eyes down to her hands, and the hands were trembling uncontrollably. So he knew that he was stronger than she. He came close to where she stood, very close before her, but his instinct warned him and he did not touch her. He looked down into her face, and she could not look away.

"What am I to you, then?" he cried. "And the vows we swore—the life we were to have together? What's all this to you, Break o' Day?"



"He was . . . looking out to sea"



SOME one across the table said something about romance, and Jimmy Rogers ceased to listen to the girl beside him and leaned forward in his chair. His manner was exactly that of a hostess who is trying to collect eyes at the end of dinner.

"Speaking of romance—" said he to the company at large. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him except the girl at his side, who said crossly:

"Yes, but what I want to know is, are you going to motor to Red-Rose with us to-morrow morning, or are you not? That's what I want to know."

"No," said Jimmy Rogers. "Yes, I mean, no. I think I promised to play in a foursome with the Carterets and Jessica Ronalds."

The people about the table were all talking very fast and apparently listening not at all, but he leaned forward once more with a determined gleam in his young eye.

"Speaking of romance—" he said loudly. Three or four of his friends looked up at him and grinned, and presently there was a little silence, broken by an old gentleman at the other end of the table, who said:

"Hey? What? Chance? Ah, speaking of chance, reminds me of something that happened to Arthur Benham and me in '61. No, I think it was in '60—the summer of '60. We were in Berlin and—"

Jimmy Rogers sat back in his chair, and the girl beside him gave a little giggle of delight.

"What's the use of trying to talk to this crowd of maniacs?" he demanded morosely. "They won't give you a chance—not a chance. And they're all my friends too. I'm going to drink myself to death."

He had an assortment of things to do it with. He had half a glass of sherry left from an earlier stage of the dinner, and some champagne, which had been given him when he was not looking, and a very large glass of whisky and water which he had asked for. He drank them all, scowling across the table at Sibyl Carteret, who had observed his struggles, and was making triumphant faces at him over his defeat.

But when at last the old gentleman's long story about Arthur Benham and himself in the summer of '60 had come to a dull end, there fell another pause.

"Speaking of romance—" said Jimmy Rogers in a determined tone, and his host grinned down at him and beat upon the table with his hand.

"Jimmy Rogers," said he, "is bursting with romance—as usual. Please, everybody, listen to him or he'll be cross all the evening. *Viens donc, mon brave: Qu'est ce que tu va chanter?*"

"A long time ago," said Jimmy Rogers, "our little friend Sibyl Carteret—now engaged in making a hideous face at me across the table—mentioned the word romance. It reminded me of a gentleman I met this morning down on that old public pier at the Neck which nobody uses any more except to fish from. This gentleman struck me as having the truly romantic spirit. He was a weather-beaten gentleman with an experienced eye, and he was shabbily dressed. He looked like a rather superior tramp. What called my attention to him was the fact that he was not fishing like the other tramps on the pier, or sleeping in the sun with a greasy newspaper over his face, but was lying on a pile of bags of something and looking out to sea. I asked him if he

"Oh!" said she piteously, "it's a memory. It's a sweet memory, Harry, of a few mad days when I was a child and you—came and carried me off my feet, talked to me as nobody else had ever talked, told me about beautiful things I'd only dreamed of. It was a sort of madness and you know it. But it's only a memory now. I'm happy here and at peace. Won't you please leave me so? Please?"

"Only a memory?" he demanded.

"Yes, only that," she said. "Only that."

"It's not true, my lady!" said the brown young man. And all at once she put her hands over her face and began to cry, for she was afraid, and the strange, mad intoxication of this man's presence was almost as fresh and as potent as it had been in those distant days—four years distant now. It was as if the same intervening years had never been. She was back again on the slow Mediterranean liner, and the odd young man whom her brother had met in the smoke-room and had presented to her as a sort of living curiosity was there too, the young man with the keen, sunburnt face and the beautiful eyes—so very unlike the other smug, well-kept, returning tourists who made up the ship's list. He walked beside her round the deck, and leaned with her over the rail in the evening after dinner; and on that last night before they landed he sat with her for a stolen, never-to-be-forgotten hour up on the hurricane deck hidden from all the world. He had long been a wanderer even at that time. She remembered what he had told her of his stormy boyhood and of how he had had more than once to fight for the life that was in him. She remembered every word he had told her of that restless Odyssey of his, and she remembered how she had thrilled to it. It was the Great Romance of her dreams made live and breathing—the Golden Age of her fancies brought near to hand within her grasp. And beyond doubt the young man had talked well. She spoke the truth when she said that he had swept her off her feet.

A ghost of old agony stirred in her so that she shivered with it. Between the hands that covered her face she cried out upon him:

"Why did you never come to me? Why didn't you come? I sat waiting day after day. And at night I—prayed. . . . But you never came. Why did you wake me to—something I had never known and then leave me so?"

The man seemed, for a moment, to have no answer to that, and she dropped her hands and stared at him. At last he said in a low voice:

"At first—for a little time—I was afraid. I had doubts. Oh—" as he saw her head go up, "not of myself. Not of myself. Of you. You were so young and you'd never known what going without luxuries—comforts—meant. I had doubts. I was a fool. And then all at once I fell ill, and I was ill a long time in a hospital. . . . When I came out again you had gone abroad. . . . So I lost you. I followed you abroad, but I couldn't find you. And my money gave out and . . . Oh, well, I lost you."

His voice rose suddenly to a cry, and he caught her hands in his and held them against him.

"Break o' Day!" he cried out, "do you think I'm going to lose you again? Do you think I'm going to be twice a fool? I've found you at last. Oh, my dear! I've found you at last, and I shan't let you go again."

She strained weakly away from him, but he held her fast and she was helpless. Once more she began a sort of frightened sobbing:

"Won't you please go away and let me alone?" she begged. "I'm so happy here! I tell you I love my husband. Truly, I'm quite, quite happy. Please won't you go?"

"Happy!" he cried with a great scorn. "My lady, you don't know what happiness is. You thought you were happy before we first met on that ship. Didn't you? Didn't you? . . . What did you think of that sort of happiness after a week's time? After you knew what true happiness might be? I tell you you're a prisoner here. A prisoner to your own blindness and to a set of conventions that dull people have hedged you in with. . . . Break o' Day! there's all the great free world out yonder, and it's full of sunlight and roses and rest and love—the sort of love you don't even know the outside of. You're a prisoner here. Come away from prison! You belonged to me first. Come with me now. Come out of prison, Break o' Day!"

An instant's desperate strength came to the woman. She wrenched her hands from his grasp and stumbled backward until she was at arm's length. Her eyes stared upon him with a bewildered horror.

"Do you realize what you are saying?" she demanded. "What am I letting you say? Be still, Harry! For my sake, if you have no shame for yourself, be still! I think we've—been a little mad. . . . Memories and the sight of you . . . after so long! Oh, I've been mad, I think. Why, if I could give you the slightest little ghost of an idea of how I love my—of how happy I am and have been for three years, you would never—" She broke off suddenly, hiding her face in her hands, and for a little while the man stood still before her, watching her under his brows. Once more his long-trained

instinct warned him and he did not speak. But when at last she looked up it was to meet his steady eyes that had won her so surely four years back. They were the same eyes now. They held her as they had used to hold her, in a sort of golden spell, and the strength began to go out of her little by little. With the last vestige of it she tore her eyes from his, as, before, she had torn her hands from his hold.

Then she gave a sudden low cry, and caught at the man's arm.

"Look! Look!" she whispered. "My husband is coming—down the hill. What shall I do?" She began to tremble very violently. "Oh, what shall I do, Harry?" she cried. "I can not face him—here—after this. I can not. What shall I do?"

"There's but one thing to do," said he. "Stay here and face it out! Tell him the truth. Or at least let me tell him the truth. I'm not going to lose you now. Stay here with me."

Quite suddenly she darted aside to the tall shrubbery which stood thick there, but the man was as quick as she, and caught her before she had gone more than a step or two.

"You'll come back when he's gone?" he demanded.



His wife was there, . . . her face white

"You'll come back to me, Break o' Day? You won't throw me over now—after all?" The woman was almost beside herself with fear. She pulled at the hand he held, nodding her head desperately.

"Yes, oh, yes!" she whispered. "Let me go, Harry! Oh, for Heaven's sake, let me go! Yes, I'll come back. I promise. Let me go. Oh, won't you let me go? I promise. I promise anything!" She broke from him and fled into the cover of the pine shrubs, and the man watched her go. She could escape easily, he said to himself, for the thick fringe of shrubs turned a corner of the high bank just a little way beyond and disappeared from sight. What he did not know and what Mrs. Stanley in her panic had forgotten, was that the shrubbery came to an abrupt end just round that corner, and that the terrace upon which it had root ended, too, with a sheer fall of six or eight feet to the rocks and water below. Above, the bank rose high and precipitous. There was no possible way out except the way by which the woman had entered. In short, she was in a sort of trap.

Stanley came down the steps and nodded pleasantly to the man who was there. If he cast one swift glance round the place as if looking for something the other did not see it.

"This is a private pier," he said. "I use it sometimes for my motor-boats. It's nearer the house than the other landing in the cove yonder. Of course," he hastened to add, "I don't mean that I object to your being here. A good many people from the Neck walk along our beach, and if they don't steal the pier or scatter egg shells and banana skins about, we don't mind in the least."

His eye wandered in a circle round the place and fell at last, thoughtfully, upon that thick patch of shrubbery. The shadow of a smile came for an instant to his lips and passed.

"Stranger here?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the other man. "In a way—yes."

He, for his part, was thinking very swiftly, and he came to a bold conclusion. The woman was by now, he said to himself, far away and safe. Would she come back to him? He knew that he had no more than shaken her with the recalling of an old spell, no more than stirred her ready emotions with old pictures and old appeals. If he would have her now he must in some way commit her beyond all retreat. And he saw the way before him—a desperate way, if you like, but the man was a gambler in life, as are most of his kind. He drew a little quick breath of decision and came a step forward.

"Some years ago," said he, "I met a woman—a girl—and she loved me. She was going to leave the silly, conventional, marionette-show life she'd always lived and come away with me to—freedom. I knew what real life was, and she was coming to me to learn. Then things

came between—illness—circumstances—it doesn't matter what. So I lost her. Well, I've found her again and she hasn't forgotten. She's coming with me now." He paused and drew another quick breath. "It's your wife," he said. "She's going away with me."

Stanley gave a short laugh which seemed to express pure amusement and nothing else.

"Oh, is she though!" said he. He sat down upon a wooden bench and took one knee between his hands, smiling cheerfully up at the man who stood before him.

"Yes," said the other, "she is. You might as well know it. Of course," he explained, "I could have taken her away in secret without your knowing anything about it. That's the usual thing, I believe. But I don't do things in the dark. Well," he demanded after a moment's pause, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I?" said the man on the bench. "What am I going to do?" His eyes turned imperceptibly toward that

nearby patch of stunted pine shrubs, and it seemed to him that something white gleamed among them. He smiled slowly. "Why," said he, "I suppose the conventional thing would be to throw you off the pier yonder and watch you swim ashore—or perhaps to beat you half to death and then have you locked up. But," he said, smiling still, "I'm like you. I don't always do the conventional thing. Let's talk it over a bit. You may sit down if you like. No? Very well, stand up, then! Tell me more about this plan of yours. Why take my—take the lady you mention away? She seems very well here. What have you to offer that I have not?"

"I have life to offer!" cried the other man passionately. "I have to offer something that you have

never known—and that she has never known either—except in dreams. I know what it is to *live*, and you don't know it. Big houses and motor-cars and balls and thousand-dollar dresses aren't life. Diamonds and pearls and lap-dogs aren't life. This foolish race for amusement isn't life either, but it's all you and your kind know. I tell you you're starving her here. She's being starved to death for what I can give her."

"You're a bit vague," complained Mr. Stanley, his eyes upon the thick pine shrubbery. "Just what do you mean by this 'life' of yours?"

"I mean," cried the other man, "a life lived close to the good earth—a life warmed by the sun and sweetened by the things that grow—wet with the rain sometimes (for the rain is good), a life lived as men were meant to live it, free over the world—free to come and go without question or tie—free of conventional things and people. That's what real life is. You've never known it, but that's what it is."

Stanley nodded his head, and he was no longer smiling.

"I see," said he. "I see what you mean. You come offering, in place of ties and duties, Romance. The Great Romance."

And the other man said: "Yes."

"I understand," said the man on the bench again. "You tempt shrewdly, my friend, because you offer—or think you offer—what we all dream of and, in our varying degrees, long for. Romance. It's the great lure. Oh, yes, you come with a shrewd plea."

He gave another gentle smile, looking up from where he sat, his hands clasped about one up-curved knee.

"I think I understand it all rather well," he said nodding. "You and my—and this lady you speak of, had some sort of a flirtation—love-affair, if you want to give it a big name—long ago. You told her about all this living-next-the-earth and the rest of it, and, having never lived next the earth, she was entranced with the idea. It was just like the novels she had read, the poems she knew by heart. Then circumstances stepped in and the whole thing came to nothing."

"Ah!" said he in a new and tender tone—smiling away across the quiet sea, "Ah, these idyllic love affairs that have come to nothing! They stick in the memory. Gad, how they stick in the memory! And how sweet they are there! The point is, you see, that they have come to nothing. That's why they haunt one so much more than the ones that have come to the logical conclusion, one way or the other. It's the thwarted sweet that's so delicious—not the eaten one."

"I don't wonder," said he, "that you were able to turn her head a bit when you appeared again after all this time, with the same old lure. Jove, not I!" he laughed.

"You know," he said, "I should hate to have one or two little girls whom I haven't quite forgotten turn up here suddenly and remind me of what was to have happened long ago—what heavens were to have descended upon earth just for two exceedingly foolish and romantic young people. I can't say that even my thick head wouldn't spin just a bit. . . . The Great Romance! . . . The Great Romance!"

He was silent for a little space then, and the younger man started across at him frowning, for he felt that the situation was in some way being taken out of his hands, and he was anxious and uncomfortable.

But when at length Stanley looked up again his face was stern.

"I have said that I understood this thing on her side," said he. "Your side is different. You come on the stage as a common adventurer and, I don't doubt, with the usual adventurous motive. The lady may be supposed to have a fortune of her own."

"For that," said the other man in a low voice, "it would give me great pleasure to beat you until you couldn't stand—and I think I shall do it." But Mr. Stanley shook a scornful head.

"Oh, this isn't where you climb up on your dignity," said he. "Not at all. You have no dignity. You're just a common cheap thief, a burglar who has tried to break into my house and steal. You have no dignity to stand on." Abruptly he rose to his feet. He was a big man and looked dangerous. The other would have had a poor chance with him.

"Don't presume," said he, "on the fact that I haven't thrown you off this bank as you deserve! I may do it yet." He took a turn back and forth across the circular space as if he wanted time to get his rising temper under control.

"I wish she were here now," he said after a little. He spoke to the man before him, but he was turned partly toward the pine shrubbery. "I wish all the foolish women were here who take their happiness in their hands and play with danger because of something they call romance. I should say to them all: 'There is no life of romance. No one ever knowingly lived in this world a life of romance. Romance is a dream, a fancy, a mirage—something we see from a long distance, but never will touch so long as we live. We say that life at this or that stage of history was romantic. It was not. Put yourself in that age and you will find people pointing back a few centuries farther and saying that romance is there. We say that romance exists here or there nowadays. Go to such places and it has fled before you. I tell you again, it's a dream—a mirage.' He wheeled savagely upon the younger man.

"And you with your life-next-to-the-ground!" he cried. "You make me sick! You never had the slightest intention of trying to take a gentle-born and bred woman to such an existence. She couldn't stand it for a week, and you know it. She'd loathe it and you in two days. Why, she couldn't even be clean. She couldn't even be decently clean—to say nothing of going without the most elementary comforts. . . . And you talk rot like that to a woman who has never even dressed herself alone since she was born! You make me sick." He threw himself down again on his bench, but after a moment he looked up and his tone was milder, less angry.

"Why," said he, "she and I have together come closer to the true romance than you in your squalid restless wandering up and down the earth have ever come or ever will come. We have been happy. Have you? Have you?" he demanded again when the other did not speak.

"Yes," said the other man at length, but there was no ring of truth in his tone, and Stanley said calmly:

"That's a lie. You haven't."

"She and I," he went on, "wander over the world, too, but we go in comfort—luxury if you like—with or without our friends, as pleases us—not furtively, and in hiding from the respectable world, as she'd have to go with you. We see all the beautiful things the world has to offer, and we see them without the bodily discomfort that robs things of their beauty. We hear beautiful music, and we hear it together, and it brings us closer together still. There are certain operas which mean so much to us that we always go to them alone together, and we sit there in the dark and hold each other's hands and the music makes us one—one where two were before. That's nearer the true romance than you ever reach, my friend."

"Why, we—we do everything together. We feel everything together. When somebody says something that's particularly pat, or makes a little joke, she looks up to see if I've got it, and I nod at her, and we laugh like two children."

"Oh, come! I'm getting tired of this. I think you'd better go home now before I get too tired."

"And yet," said the younger man, standing his ground, "yet all this is only the outside of things. It's no more than a simple friendship. And, besides, you're only talking for yourself. You're showing only your own side of the thing. The point is that she doesn't love you. She loves me and she's going away with me."

Stanley leaped to his feet and his eyes blazed very fiercely.

"Why, you blamed adventurer!" he cried. "Do you mean to say you're taking yourself seriously in all this? Do you think I don't know my wife after three years? Do you think I doubt her for one little fraction of a second? Love you! You make me laugh. You're so funny that you're not even insulting."

The younger man seemed for the first time to lose control of himself. He raised his fist and shook it in the air.

"You'll see whether I'm funny or not!" he cried shrilly. "You'll see whether I'm a joke or not! You wait a few hours and see!"

Stanley sprang at him without a word and caught him by the throat with his two hands. He did not strike the man, but he shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. It has been said that he was a big man, and he was as strong as he looked. He shook him until the younger man's arms tossed and flapped helpless at his sides, and his head rolled weakly upon his shoulders.

But there came a cry from behind and the two stood still. Mr. Stanley turned his head and his wife was there, her hands pressed together over her heart, her face white and full of terror.

"Let him go, Tommy!" she said. "Oh, let him go! It's not all his fault. It's partly mine. I'll explain it to you. Only let him go first."

"I want to throw him off the pier," said Stanley. "Let me throw him off the pier! Come on and see him swim!" The woman gave a sudden nervous overwrought laugh that was half a sob, but she came and touched his arm and Stanley's hands fell beside him.

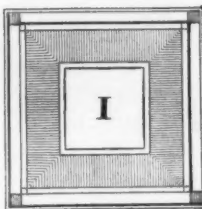
Waters of Song

By

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

TIME was when Avon's unrenowned stream,
Save for its beauty, unregarded flowed;
Once Arno even as other rivers glowed,
For then it had not mirrored Dante's dream.
How vague the gray Levantine sea did seem
Ere Homer charted all the stormy road!
And what lone grief by Babylon abode
Till David made those willow-banks his theme!

Think you there are no other waters fit
To be rechristened with a poet's name?
Is Nature bankrupt?—man's last beacon lit?
Believe it never! Unborn bards such fame
On undiscovered rivers may bestow
As shall to fable banish Nile and Po.



"The events of this afternoon," says Dr. Woodruff in part, "have made me see things in a different light than I ever saw them in before. I have been taught the lesson that in these matters even we ministers of the Gospel have much to learn."

In other words, the author intends not only to instruct his audience, but to prove to them that they've been instructed, and here's the minister, presumably a much better man than they, to shame them by showing that he has been benefited anyway.

This forensic zeal obtrudes from every part of Mr. Phillips's play. It is its most apparent quality. Miss Merrivale is only Mr. Phillips himself, in a mood of dialectic idealism. Mrs. Dagmar, her worldly sister, is Mr. Phillips expounding not what he would like to believe, but what a material and common-sense world—"common sense" in as far as it is common and proscribed by the physical senses—occasionally almost forces him to accept. Even Lucius Dagmar, who is permitted to interpolate a few lines of comedy-relief about baldness, highballs, and preserving one's waistband by standing up twenty minutes after each meal, does it half-heartedly, as though the box-office were coercing him and he were not at all sure that his remarks would "make for" the common good.

"The Worth of a Woman" is not, therefore, so much a play as an argument; and, as the latter is fortuitously settled to make a happy ending, it is not as much an argument as a comment or a point of view. It is in the originality of this point of view that the piece's interest lies.

The young woman in the play had grown up on a fine old Indiana farm. She lived out of doors, more or less managed the farm, and she had been specially taught by her intellectual father—an elderly man buried in his books—to despise shams and hold to the truth at whatever cost. A fearless, high-minded girl, who thought for

"Please!" she said. "For my sake!" Her husband gave a sort of reluctant growl, and the man he had held staggered a few steps away and stood there breathing hard, his clothes all awry about him. He stared under his brows at the other two and his mouth moved and twisted, but no words came.

"I'm sorry," the woman said to him. "It was partly my fault. Yes, a great deal my fault. I seem—I seem to have lost my head. But please go now and don't come back. Everything my husband has said is true—true. Ah, please go!"

The man looked at her for a moment longer and he seemed to be about to speak, but no words came to him. Then he turned away. He stumbled down to the sandy beach and moved off toward the west. And so he disappeared and they saw no more of him.

But when he was gone Mrs. Stanley laid her face upon her husband's breast and began to cry there quite comfortably.

"Oh, Tommy," she said, in a little wail, "I've been such a fool! I've been very bad again, Tommy. I think, perhaps, you ought to beat me."

"Oh, well," said he, as one who tries to find something good in the world, "you haven't been bad before for a long time. It was due, I expect. Yes, I expect you've been rather a fool."

"And, Tommy," she said, with her face hidden, "I—I think you were splendid. Oh, splendid! I heard it all. I was in those shrubs."

Mr. Stanley started dramatically.

"No!" he cried. "I won't believe it. Listening?"

"Yes," she confessed without shame, "I listened. And I'm glad. You were splendid. I was so proud of you, Tommy."

But abruptly she stiffened in his arms and looked up. "Who is that girl?" she demanded. "Who is the girl you said might come here and make your head spin? That's what I want to know. Who is she?"

Plays and Players

By ARTHUR RUHL

N the last act of Mr. David Graham Phillips's play, "The Worth of a Woman," the breathless rush of action is momentarily suspended to allow the Rev. Eben Woodruff to enter Miss Diana Merrivale's moonlit sitting-room and address a brief speech to her unhappy father, waiting outside her bolted bedroom door.

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herself. A young man of a proud, cold provincial Boston family fell in love with her, and she with him. His family objected, and when he got back to Boston and away from the new experience which had rather taken his breath away, his exaltation weakened. Finally, succumbing to the pressure of his normal environment and the chilling poison instilled by a sophisticated mother, he returns to Indiana to announce a long trip abroad—the obvious subterfuge of a man not unwilling to be released from his engagement. At the same time it is learned that his previous stay at the farm, under trying and rather unconventional conditions, had results which can not much longer be concealed from

the world. Following romantic tradition, the father promptly announces that he must marry the girl or die. The young man is equally ready in giving up all idea of escaping that ceremony. There is now, as he puts it, no question but that of honor.

It is the girl who refuses. If her honor has been lost in giving herself in a supreme moment to the man who loved her supremely—even, as she had felt, he had given himself to her—this "honor" can not be given back by marriage to a man who does not respect her and takes the marriage vows against his will. From her individual point of view her logic is unquestionable. Any police magistrate or district attorney's assistant is an almost daily witness of society's insistence on such tragically ironic restorations as this. Nor will she admit for an instant that she has been "wronged." It was she who "gave him the courage to dare." She was a free agent then and now—no broken plaything for a superior male being to mend as best he can. There is no need of making a bad matter worse. The man may go about his business and she will live her life—her soul at least her own.

With this plea for individualism the author's responsibility ends, for the shaky lover is no sooner removed from the necessity of doing what he had supposed artificial laws would compel him to do than the law of his own nature reasserts itself, and, like Ellida Wangel

in "The Lady from the Sea," he wants to stay of his own free will. The girl's declaration of independence was the one thing necessary completely to restore her in his respect, and he returns that evening to beg for a forgiveness that is apparently granted as the curtain falls.

Mr. Phillips's play received from one element the sardonic hoots naturally to be expected, and from an-



Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land"

other the uneasy fury with which any change of opinion is repelled by those who try to believe that the attitude of humans toward themselves and each other is not subject to nature's universal change and flow. The ribaldry of the first suggests how far people are from being prepared to accept the responsibilities of such a philosophy, and it is true the play "proves" nothing. Merely as a means of stimulating thought, clean, fearless opinions like these are worth saying however, and the general atmosphere is just so much clearer and more invigorating for their having been said. The little Madison Square Theatre has again behaved in sportsmanlike fashion toward the new playwright—a service in which Miss Katherine Grey, who plays the leading part, generously shares.

Searchers for "our native drama" might go farther and fare much worse than to pause for an appreciable moment over the "Bandanna Land" of those two gifted gentlemen of color, Messrs. Williams and Walker. Only their popularity and commercial success saves them and their colleagues from being dragged into the rarefied air of really literary criticism. Certainly they have sup-

plied the most interesting "American" musical comedy of the year.

The massive Williams takes the part of Skunkton Bowser, a big, well-meaning, easy-going, illiterate negro, who has fallen heir to a lot of money, which his self-appointed guardian, Bud Jenkins, is helping him to secure. The slenderer, vivacious Walker impersonates the clever, crafty Jenkins. Each of these men is an artist in his own vein, and surely not since the palmy days of Weber and Fields has there been any more amusing and really legitimate comedy in a musical play than the scenes between these two, with the big man compelled to trust to the superior worldly wisdom of the other, and yet always vaguely aware that he is being "done."

The scene is laid just outside a town in northern Georgia, and the droll sincerity of the authors' point of view is suggested by the fact that the plot hinges on a negro corporation's plan to buy up a desirable tract of land and turn it into a park for colored people, in the hope that the white folks will gladly buy them out at several times the original cost. The first meeting of

the corporation is held in the back yard of Amos Simmons, the owner of the property, and the members struggle in, one by one, leaning on canes, complaining of rheumatism, each with his few words of greeting. This is all sung—ragtime ingeniously turned into a sort of recitative much after the fashion of "grand" opera—the whole chorus naturally falling into a song about the weather, "Tain't Gwine to be no Rain," when all are assembled. The whole is an adaptation of negro rhythms and actual life to musical comedy, which makes the cackling entrance of the ordinary Broadway chorus look very crude and childish indeed. There is charming dancing by both principals and by Mrs. Aida Overton Walker, and a ragtime song of Walker's, "Bon Bon Buddie, the Chocolate Drop, Dat's Me"—quaintly reminiscent, by the way, of the "Villa" song in "The Merry Widow"—of which the audience can scarcely get enough.

With such things as "The Soul Kiss" representing the setting our white managers choose to provide for such an artist as Genée, colored people ought to be pretty proud of such an entertainment as this. The authors of the book, Messrs. Shipp and Rogers, are also members of the company, and the composer of the music, Mr. Will Marion Cook, leads the orchestra. It is a fine and cheering sight to see all those able colored people working so harmoniously and effectively together. For themselves, at least, they seem to have solved the negro problem.

In order to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell one must, apparently, go into the wilderness. For six short days, earlier in the season Mrs. Campbell revealed to New York her personal loveliness, her repertoire of unhappy modern ladies, and her quiet art. One rejoiced especially in the accomplished cynicism and irony of her Magda, a part specially suited to her quiet, sophisticated key. Then she disappeared into the provinces to earn money for her managers—something which, apparently, she can not, or is not allowed to, do here. Mysteriously she crept into town again, and at the lonely Garden presented Herr von Hofmannstahl's much-talked-of "Electra." That must have been unusually interesting. One critical gentleman told me that it was wonderful in the way it reproduced the old spirit of Greek tragedy; another that it was wonderful in its perverted un-Greekness, its decadent, flesh-jabbing thrills like those in "Salome"; but when I tried to see it, something was the matter with Mrs. Campbell's larynx. The night before something was permitted to happen to the stage manager, there was nobody to set the scenes, and the audience was kept until after midnight. And as far as publicity was concerned, Mrs. Campbell, who used to have the street in front of her hotel overlaid with tanbark and Pinky Panky Poo in the paper every morning, might as well have been in Punta Arenas. The upshot was that again the tents were folded and again she disappeared into the provinces—to earn money for her managers. Oh, happy suburbs and blest villages of the plain! Happy rural males and village cut-ups who may behold that aloof and melancholy beauty, and consider the joy of having her come and drop a tear on their graves and be a little sorry that they had pined away and died for her sake!



Departure of the Fourth U. S. Infantry for the Philippines, February 27, from Fort Thomas, Kentucky



A close finish in one of the dog races held at Ishpeming, Michigan, February 22



John Evenson, champion ski-jumper, making a record jump of 122 feet, at Ishpeming, February 22



The start of a dog race at Ishpeming, Michigan

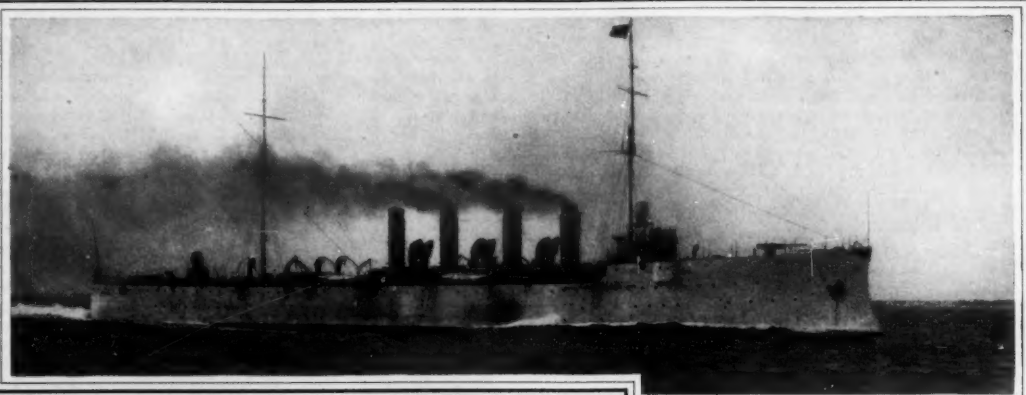
Ski-Jumping and Dog Races

The Annual Winter Sports of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan

A NEW American record for ski-jumping was made by John Evenson, the champion, at the twenty-fifth annual tournament held at Ishpeming, in northern Michigan, on Washington's birthday. The new mark is 122 feet, five feet better than the old record. Olaf Junnum also beat the old mark by two feet with a jump of 119 feet. More than 10,000 persons gathered at Ishpeming on February 22 to witness the annual ski-jumping contest, which was held on a new hill 800 feet long, built especially for this tournament, and the dog races were run through the streets in the morning.

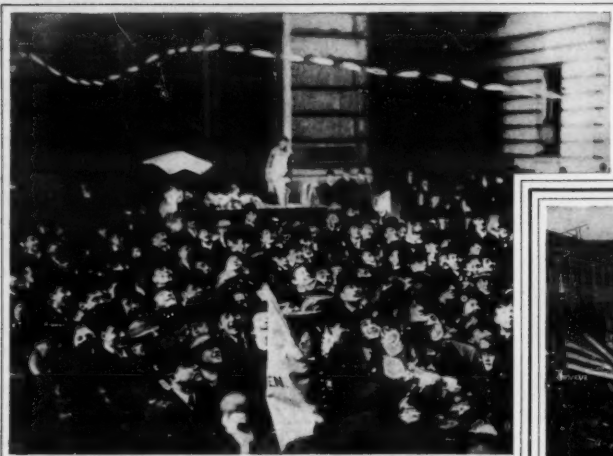
This year the dog races were run in a blinding snow-storm, but before the ski-jumping started the weather cleared. About fifty dogs were entered for the race, which was run in heats, twelve dogs being started together. The course is 300 yards through the city street, and whipping the dogs is against the rules. Tandem races, races of teams in double harness, and races between dogs drawing boys on skis, give variety to the morning sports. Many of the dogs are especially trained for the races, and excellent time is made over the course. In the ski-jumping for prizes, each competitor has three trials, after one practise run, and the average of his jumps is taken. A fall penalizes a jumper thirty feet, and two falls in three trials disqualifies him. At the Ishpeming tournament there is a contest in the junior class of jumpers, in which boys under fifteen are entered. Jumps of over 100 feet have been made in this event. The world's record for distance jumping on skis, made in 1906 in Switzerland by a Norwegian named Berg, is 138 feet.

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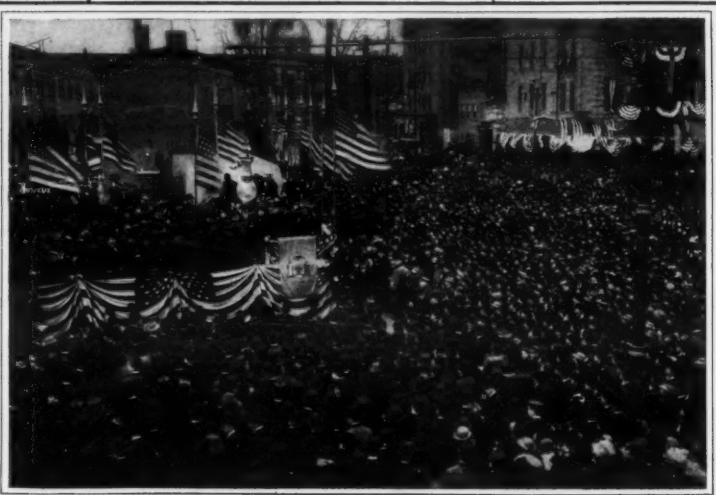
THE SCOUT CRUISER "CHESTER"

This latest addition to the Navy is fitted with turbine engines, and on her official trial off the coast of Maine, February 28, made one run over the mile course at the rate of 26.21 knots



SUFFRAGETTES IN WALL STREET

Mrs. Borrmann Wells, an English advocate of woman suffrage, with several American followers, visited the financial district of New York, February 27, where she was greeted with a shower of ticker tape, hoots, jeers, and even paper bags filled with water. The curb brokers gathered about the carriage from which the suffragettes had expected to harangue them, and created such a disturbance that the police reserves had to be called out to clear Broad Street of an incipient riot of derision. The serpentine mark across the top of the photograph is a coil of ticker tape hurled at the speakers from some sky-scraper window



INAUGURATION OF THE HUDSON TUNNEL

Governor Hughes and Governor Fort at the opening ceremonies of the first tubes connecting Manhattan Island with New Jersey, February 25

announcement that Austria had secured a concession from Turkey for a railroad through the province of Novi Bazar to Mitrovitz, connecting with the line to Salonica on the Aegean. There was already a more direct line from Vienna to Salonica by way of Belgrade, and the local traffic on the branch road from Uskub to Mitrovitz, with which the new one is to connect, supported only three trains a week.

But the Novi Bazar line, although unpromising commercially, would enable Austria to pour troops between Serbia and Montenegro, both protégées of Russia, and thence through the heart of Macedonia. Russia at once denounced the project and intimated dire consequences if it should be persisted in, demanding at the same time the privilege of countermining the Austrian advance by building a railway in conjunction with Bulgaria from the Danube to the Adriatic. Five years ago a hint of Russian displeasure would have intimidated Austria, but things have happened since then, and Austria persists in her railroad plans. The result is that the Powers are divided into jealous groups, and for the present all possibility of effective common action to end Turkish misrule in Macedonia is gone. France and England sympathize with Russia, and Germany and Italy are believed to be secretly backing Austria. Serbia, although imperiled by the Austrian scheme,

is thought to have been pacified by the conclusion of a commercial treaty and by the promise to receive King Peter at the court of Vienna. Bulgaria, with a splendidly efficient army, which can be raised in time of war to three hundred and seventy-five thousand men, might become the spearhead driven by Russia into Macedonia.

On February 25 Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, made a statement of the utmost gravity to the House of Commons on the Macedonian question. He said that in discussing this subject the Government was not far from the Turkish question, which more than once had led to a European war. If Macedonia continued to be neglected, it must sooner or later provoke a catastrophe. On the same day Lord Fitzmaurice, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told the House of Lords that "the Foreign Office felt it necessary to ask itself whether the time had not arrived to appoint a Christian Governor of Macedonia." This suggestion was not received with enthusiasm in Germany and Austria, where the point was raised that such a course would involve the calamity of practically taking the province out of the Sultan's hands, but in France that consequence was regarded with equanimity, and even with satisfaction.

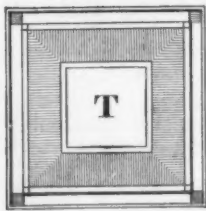
What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

Kentucky's Surprise



THE admission of Oklahoma deprived the Republican Party of its two-thirds majority in the Senate, but the Republicans have recovered their lost advantage by the grace of four Democrats in the Kentucky Legislature. That is to say, they will have recovered it in the next Congress unless they suffer losses in other States to balance the unexpected gain in Kentucky.

In last fall's election Kentucky elected a Republican Governor by over eighteen thousand plurality, but the Democrats held the Legislature by a majority of eight on joint ballot. That seemed to insure the election of a Democrat to succeed Senator McCreary, whose term will expire next year. Ex-Governor Beckham was duly nominated for that position at the State primaries. But Beckham had made enemies as the manager of the party machine which he inherited from Goebel, and besides, his leaning toward prohibition had offended the liquor interests. The intrusion of Mr. Bryan did not help matters, and after a prolonged deadlock four Democrats voted for Ex-Governor William O'Connell Bradley, Republican. When it was seen that Mr. Bradley had votes enough to elect him, Mr. Beckham withdrew his name, and the Democrats offered to unite upon any member of their party that the insurgents might choose, but the four refused to change their votes and the Republican candidate was declared elected.

This affair has widened the breach between the Democratic Party of Kentucky and the liquor interests, and it is expected now that ex-Governor Beckham will head a militant temperance delegation to the Denver Convention. It will have a tendency, too, to revive the demand for a constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of Senators. It has seemed of late as if all the purposes of such an amendment might be practically secured by the process of direct nomination, but if the instructions given by the voters in primaries are to be ignored by members of legislatures the only way to insure popular control of Senatorial elections will be to put the voting power absolutely into the hands of the people. In the Kentucky case the enemies of Beckham justified their repudiation of instructions by maintaining that the primaries, held nearly two years ahead of time, were illegal and fraudulent.

The Discordant Concert

THE European war cloud has shifted back to its old position over the Balkans. Of course there is no real probability of actual war, but the Concert of Europe is seriously strained. The imposing scheme of reforms prepared by the great Powers for Macedonia depended for such small chances of success as it might have entirely upon the united pressure of a continent genuinely determined to see the plan carried out. This pressure would naturally be exerted through Russia and Austria. But toward the end of January the concord of these two prime agents of Europe was suddenly destroyed by the

Auto Snow-Shovelers

THE Paris "Matin" and the New York "Times" conceived the grandiose idea of an automobile race from New York to Paris a little too late or a little too early. The original plan was to prove that a motor car could run by its own power all the way from Eastern America to Western Europe. It was even expected that it might cross Bering Straits on the ice. Investigation made one long stretch of the journey seem hopeless, and it was then decided that the machines might be carried by steamer from San Francisco to Seattle and again from Seattle to Valdez, Alaska. That considerably mutilated the original idea, but a still further complication was added by the discovery that it would not be possible to go through Alaska in any season but the winter, when the quaking tundra would be frozen.

Under such conditions the natural course would obviously have been to start from New York about October, when the American roads would be good, the weather fine, and the traveling delightful, make a flying run across the United States, and reach Alaska at the beginning of winter with a whole season of frost ahead. But the idea was conceived too late to allow a start to be made in October, 1907, and journalistic impatience could not tolerate the thought of waiting until October, 1908. Accordingly the contestants left New York in the middle of February, at the very worst possible time for traveling in the Northern United States. What ought to have been an easy prelude to the real difficulties of the journey became a heart-breaking struggle that used up the time and strength of the competitors before the crux of their enterprise was in sight. One of the six cars, the little French Sizaire-Naudin, was put out of business by the snowdrifts before it reached Albany. The rest struggled along over roads growing more villainous every day, until by the time they reached Chicago it appeared evident that the plan could not be carried out

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C & K kind. Low grade material and mere cost-saving machinery have no place in their make up.

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without further radical modifications, and the nerves and tempers of the foreign contestants were worn raw. The American Thomas car had been leading, and two of the foreign crews that had been following close behind, the De Dion, French, and the Züst, Italian, protested it on a variety of charges. The two other foreign crews, the German Protos and the French Motoblo, sent a despairing wail from Darkest Indiana, complaining that the "peasants" of that province were overcharging them and were filling up the roads to hold them back.

Innocent of any knowledge of the country or the language, the foreigners usually managed to skim through the comfortable stopping-places in the daytime and find themselves stalled for the night at some village ordinarily visited only by the most seasoned and adventurous American drummer. Thus they got an idea of the country quite different from that obtained by the tourist who jumps from New York to Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited.

The Blame at Quebec

Engineers, not builders, caused the bridge disaster

THE Royal Commission that has been investigating the collapse of the Quebec Bridge has found, after an exhaustive study of all the evidence available, that the disaster was due to faulty designs, and not to any defects in material or workmanship. The engineers, who were among the most distinguished in their profession, followed the usual working formulae without realizing that new elements might enter into a structure greater than any ever before attempted. According to the rules that had held good in smaller works the Quebec Bridge ought to have been safe, but the margin of safety proved to be too small, and the gigantic middle span crushed the supporting members. It is believed that the plans can still be perfected and the bridge completed. Somebody, of course, will have to stand an enormous loss, but just how this is to be met has not been decided.

Temperance in England

Publicans see the Government running amuck

THE revolutionary Liberal Government of Great Britain has begun at last its threatened attack on the liquor interests, and shrieks of rage and indignation rend the air. Mr. Balfour brands the Government's licensing bill as robbery, and the brewers and wine merchants call it "unfair," "unworkable," "dishonest," "socialistic," "mean," and "spiteful." While the extreme temperance reformers are delighted, cautious members of Parliament shake their heads solemnly and say that the bill is too radical to pass and will be "modified by the combined efforts of the moderates of all parties."

The reckless measure that so delights the radical teetotalers and so affrights British conservatism provides that one-third of the liquor licenses in England and Wales shall be extinguished, with compensation to the holders. Although English licenses nominally run for only a year, nobody proposes to subject their holders, Oklahoma fashion, to the cruel necessity of going to work. They are to be paid for going out of business, the payment to be collected in some cases from the surviving dealers, whose monopoly will be made more valuable. Under the new arrangement there will be only about one bar to every six or eight hundred inhabitants in the towns and one to every four or five hundred in the country.

After fourteen years the Government is to have the right of canceling licenses without compensation. Meanwhile no new license is to be granted except by vote of the locality. There is to be partial Sunday closing, and justices of the peace may exclude children from bars, order drinking-places closed on election days, and decide whether the British barmaid shall be allowed to pursue her time-honored vocation within their jurisdiction.

Even in Chicago there are large areas in which such temperance legislation as this would be considered conservative.

Mr. Meyer Pushing Ahead

Prying the Post-Office Department out of its rut

POSTMASTER-GENERAL MEYER is not loitering in the promotion of his favorite improvements in the postal service. His plan for a rural parcels-post is embodied in a bill introduced by Senator Burnham of New Hampshire, and Senator Kean of New Jersey is sponsor for a bill carrying out his recommendation to reduce the rate on parcels sent through the general mails from sixteen to twelve cents a pound, and to increase the weight limit from four to eleven pounds. The latter proposition is a very small step toward such a general parcels-post as is possessed by the people of most foreign countries, but still it is a step. It puts us on a level with Cuba and Chile in the weight of the packages we can send, and while the rate would still be far above the foreign levels, this could be reduced with the progress of enlightenment. We should no longer have such anomalies as Mr. Meyer cited in his address before the New England Postmasters' Association. A person depositing two four-pound packages in the Jersey City post-office, one going to New York and the other through New York to Europe, would not have to pay sixty-four cents on the domestic parcel, while the one sent abroad cost him only forty-eight. Nor, if the packages weighed four pounds and a half each, would he find the one for New York refused, while the one going to the same place and then four thousand miles farther would be accepted. Of course the twenty-two-pound limit of France, the one hundred and ten pounds of Germany and Austria, and the one hundred and thirty-two pounds of Belgium would still be as far beyond us as their cheap rates, but we could feel at least that we were moving in the right direction. A still greater advance, not at present urged by the Postmaster-General, would be the consolidation of the first, third, and fourth classes under a uniform rate of one cent for two ounces. The Republican Party pledged itself to one-cent letter postage in its national platform twenty years ago, but it has always had so many other uses for the public money that it has never ventured to carry out the pledge. The abolition of the present vexatious classification, enabling bills, packages, and explanatory letters to be sent together in sealed packages, would be an invaluable addition to the business facilities of the country.

As to postal savings banks, the fact that the private savings banks of the United States have a greater volume of deposits than all the postal banks of the world combined might be thought at first sight to indicate that we were doing very well as we were. But Mr. Meyer shows that thirty-five States have only eight per cent of the three billion five hundred million dollars deposited in American savings institutions. Savings bank facilities are practically confined to small sections, and even there they are very largely used by persons who do not belong to the classes they were meant to benefit. There are nearly ten million postal savings bank depositors in Great Britain, with average holdings of only about seventy-five dollars each, while in the State of New York the



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Service—that is, appearance and wear—is the test of paint as it is of clothing, but we want to know that the paint is of the long-wearing kind *before we use it.*

Good paint can be known beforehand as certainly as we can know all-wool cloth, and almost as easily. It is true that White Lead, the essential base of good paint, is very commonly adulterated with worthless materials which cannot be detected by the eye, but *intense heat* will reveal them every time. How heat does this is explained in our free booklet. Send for it.

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\$6.00 Buys this Morris Chair



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My catalogue explains everything in a plain, simple, and easy-to-understand way. It shows why no skill is required, why you take no risk. Beautify your home for very little money.



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As she received it



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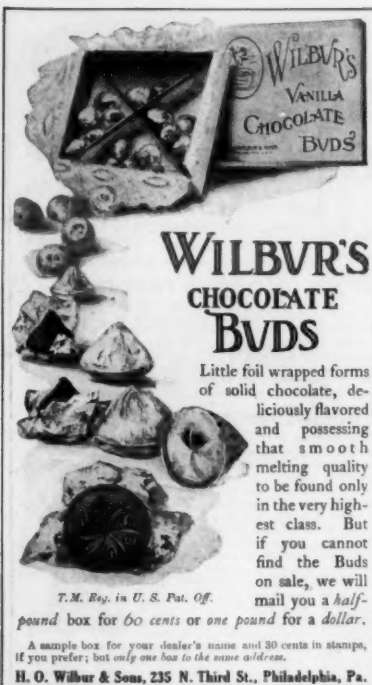
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We catalogue this season several choice new vegetables of sterling merit.

Early Morn Pea, the earliest, largest podded pea known. One farmer harvested 80 bushels from one planted and received from \$3 to \$3.50 per bushel. Quality of the best.

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A \$500 ROOSTER IN 6 BRILLIANT COLORS

IF MAILED FREE, \$2. If you name this periodical and send for Our Very Large and Beautifully Illustrated poultry, Incubator and Brooder catalogue.

Write: **International Stock Food Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

FREE TRIAL

average is over five hundred dollars, and in California about six hundred and forty. It is easy for a capitalist to deposit a hundred thousand dollars in American private savings banks. Mr. Meyer would fix the limit in the postal banks at five hundred dollars. Under such a system we should probably have at least twenty million actual depositors, instead of less than nine million deposits, several of which may be owned by a single person.

While Congress is vainly trying to agree upon some sort of emergency currency to keep the wheels of business in motion in times of panic, it may find a useful substitute in the postal savings bank. In a financial crisis money is drawn from the private banks and hoarded away. Much of this would be deposited in the postal banks if they were available, and thence it would find its way straight to the national banks, where Mr. Meyer proposes to redeposit it, and thence back into the channels of trade. That would be worth at least as much to business as an equal amount of new currency.

No Democracy for Rhode Island

Where a majority's only right is to be ruled

BOSS BRAYTON of Rhode Island is no revolutionist. There may be forty-four republics in the American constellation, but Rhode Island will stay outside along with Connecticut, until Brayton loses his political grip. The Republican State Committee learned from its master, on February 25, how far he would permit the Commonwealth to go. He would allow the city of Providence to have a quarter of the membership of the House of Representatives—twenty-five out of a hundred—but the rotten-borough Senate was sacred. "I will not permit that," he said, "to be changed by anybody, by any man or by any party, not even my own." The full magnanimity of the Brayton concession of twenty-five out of a hundred members of the House may be realized when it is remembered that Providence has nearly half of the entire population of Rhode Island. The two cities of Providence and Pawtucket have a clear majority of all the inhabitants of the State; yet they are hopelessly outvoted by the small towns in the House and are simply negligible quantities in the Senate. The most insignificant and decadent town in the hills has its Senator, and Providence, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, has no more. The five cities of Providence, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Newport, and Central Falls have nearly two-thirds of the population of the State, and only five out of thirty-nine Senators. Twenty towns, with less than one-twelfth of Rhode Island's inhabitants, can absolutely dominate the Senate against the will of the representatives of the other eleven-twelfths. That is an ideal situation for a boss, and naturally Boss Brayton is going to keep it up as long as the people will let him.

Our Struggling Foreign Trade

Some reasons why it does not grow faster

FROM the beginning of our efforts to build up an export trade through our Consular Service it has been the duty and pleasure of our Consuls to preach periodical sermons upon the stupid methods of handling foreign business pursued by the presumably shrewd merchants and manufacturers of the United States, and to contrast them with the intelligent proceedings of their European rivals. Careless packing, refusal of credits, and inattention to orders have been among the standard complaints, but fatuous selling customs crowd them closely. Consul Kellogg of Colon illustrates the workings of the rival methods on the Isthmus. An English commercial traveler, who represents several firms on a route covering the west coast of South America and the West Indies, visited Colon. He spoke three languages, was a gentleman of culture and broad information, and was widely known and highly esteemed in commercial circles. When he reached Colon he engaged a large suite of rooms in the best hotel and made an attractive display of his goods. He invited the local merchants to inspect the exhibition. To stimulate their interest he offered two silver medals to be competed for on King Edward's birthday, a silver prize cup for the local cricket club, a silver loving cup for the ladies' auxiliary society of a church, and twelve silver medals for the merchants making the best display of goods in a street parade. When he left, the newspapers of Colon spoke of him as "the king of commercial travelers," and told of the large number of orders he had taken. About the same time an American drummer visited the Isthmus with a line of samples. He found that if he unpacked his goods he would have to put up some money for duties, which would be refunded to him upon his departure. To avoid even a temporary separation from his cash he left his sample cases on the docks and undertook to do business armed with nothing more convincing than a collection of catalogues. Upon his departure the newspapers did not decorate him with any royal titles nor find it necessary to devote space to his orders. Yet the Isthmus is a region in which American advantages are so great that any sort of intelligent effort on the part of American business men ought to make serious foreign competition impossible.

Practical German Socialism

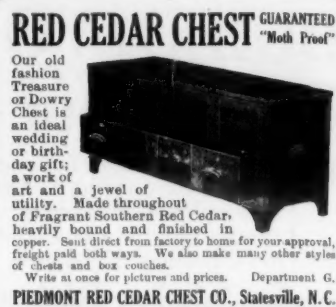
A sixth of the population supported by Government

STATISTICS furnished by Consul Hannah of Magdeburg show that the railway, postal, telegraph, and telephone services of Germany, practically all of which are state institutions, employ about a million people, or one in sixty of the population of the empire. Allowing five dependents to each employee, it may be said that one-twelfth of all the inhabitants of Germany depend upon these services for a living. This is a considerable instalment of practical Socialism, but it is only the beginning of Germany's efforts in that direction. The Government employs over six hundred thousand men in the army and nearly forty-five thousand in the navy. Counting the employees in other branches of the Government, together with state and city officials, there must certainly be at least two million persons directly attached to the public service, representing, with their families, a sixth of the entire population.

In 1906, when the German railroads had 648,437 employees, those of the United States had 1,521,355, or nearly two and a half times as many. That force alone, all of which would be in the employ of the Government if the United States were as Socialistic as Germany is, represents about one-eleventh of the population of the country. The telegraph and telephone services would put something like two hundred thousand persons more on the Government payrolls. The German Socialists do not seem to be particularly happy just now, but they can congratulate themselves upon being at least twenty years ahead of America in the practical application of their doctrines.

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Good milk contains, in the most easily digested form, all the elements necessary to the building of bone, flesh and muscle. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has raised three generations of strong and healthy babies. Has no equal. Address Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., for "My Biography"—a baby's album.—Adv.



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Albuquerque is the Leading City

and always will be. Situated in the great and fertile valley of the Rio Grande it commands in every direction a trade area larger than many states. Today a city of 20,000—tomorrow, 80,000; this is a certainty, for the fortunes of New Mexico are the fortunes of its metropolis. I am not in the real estate business but there has been placed in my hands an entire subdivision to the city, close in, 600 lots, 50 by 132 feet, that MUST BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE, no favorites; prices already marked upon every lot, \$75 to \$400; about one-half their present value. A chance like this seldom occurs. Invest at the commencement of a city's growth.

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\$150 to \$200 Monthly THE APOLLO LAWN SWEEPER

Something new. Sells on sight. Sweeps lawns, walks, stable floors, etc., like a carpet sweeper—sweeps carpets. Gathers up cut grass, leaves, papers, sticks, all litter. A boy does the work of three men with rakes. People stop to watch it. Show twelve, sell ten. **AGENTS' PROFITS LARGE.** Exclusive territory. No experience required. Write to-day for territory and Sales Plan.

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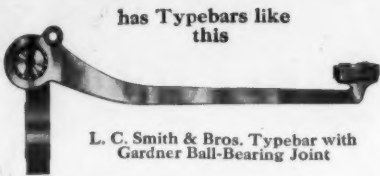
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A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes

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If my Razor wasn't good enough for me to use I wouldn't ask you to try it!

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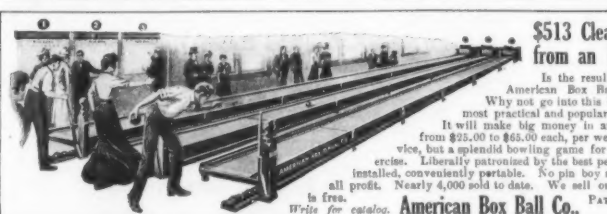
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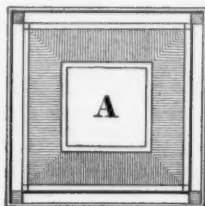
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The Ancient Lineage of OUR JOKES

The following brief tales are translated from a very old book which recently fell into the hands of a correspondent of Collier's at Tien-Tsin. They point the familiar theory that in jokes, as in everything else, nothing new is possible

The Judge and the Virago



CERTAIN magistrate upon opening his court observed one of his lictors whose face was covered with wounds, and asked him what was the matter. Replied the lictor: "Yesterday evening I was reclining and enjoying the fresh air under my grape arbor, which was suddenly upset by a gust of wind and fell on me, and caused these injuries. But the judge was skeptical and said: "That is too thin: it is easy to see that the marks on your face were from scratches from nails: it must be that you have had a row with your wife and got a clawing from her; is this not so?" The lictor crimsoned all over, and replied: "Your Honor has truly guessed it. Then said the judge: "Why is your wife so fierce as this? Wait till I summon her and give her a beating, and you your revenge." While he was yet speaking, the judge's own wife suddenly came out from the house, and fiercely said: "Who is this you are going to beat?" The magistrate hastily announced to the lictors and T'ing Ch'ai Ti's: "This court stands adjourned; disperse instantly; it seems as though the court's grape arbor is also about to collapse!"

The Noisy Neighbors

A CERTAIN householder, intensely fond of a quiet life, was plagued with two very noisy neighbors on either hand, the one a blacksmith, the other a coppersmith. These two kept up such an incessant clamor from morn to night that the poor man got no rest. So he would constantly say to one or the other: "If you ever have a notion to move house, you must let me know in advance, so I will have time to prepare a farewell entertainment for you." Finally, one happy day, these two noisy neighbors came to him and said: "You have always said that if we were ever to move house, we must first give you advance notice. Well, we are both about to move, hence our visit to make you aware of the contemplated removal." When the quiet householder heard that the two pests of his life were both going away, he was exceedingly glad, and prepared a feast of the best the market afforded and called the two conspirators in. While the two were disposing of the last of the viands and the wines, the meek host politely inquired: "To what honorable location are you two gentlemen about to move?" Answered the blacksmith: "I am moving into the coppersmith's house, and he is moving into mine!"

Cutting the Wineglass in Two

A CERTAIN guest at a banquet, noticing that his host filled the wineglasses only half full, asked him for a saw. Said the host: "When eating and drinking, why do you call for a saw?" Answered the guest: "I see that the upper half of the glass is of no use, so I want to cut it off." The host at once took the hint, and filled the glasses full ever afterward.

The Charm Against Mosquitoes

A CERTAIN man purchased a charm against mosquitoes at a temple fair, of a Taoist priest, but at home found the pests as thick as ever. So he went back and complained. Said the Taoist priest: "Where did you put it up?" The man said: "On the wall." Said the priest: "Then it is no wonder that the charm failed to work. You must first drive out all the mosquitoes, then let down your netting, and fix up the charm inside."

Wearing the Odd Shoes

A CERTAIN man put on one each of a thick and thin soled pair of shoes, and going along the road was puzzled to account for the uneven way. Said he: "The road must be uneven;" but a passer-by told him the cause. He hastily despatched his servant home for other shoes; and after a while the man was seen returning empty-handed. Seeing his master in the road as he came up to him, the man shouted out in a discouraged way: "It is no use: you see, I have come back empty-handed; that pair at home is just the same, one thick and one thin-soled, so I did not bring them!"

The Polite Bankrupt

A CERTAIN bankrupt, whose house was filled with bailiffs and others seeking payment for bills due, noticed that every chair and table was filled up with the representatives of his creditors, and that one man was even sitting on his doorstep for lack of room inside. So the bankrupt walked up to this man and said: "Come early to-morrow morning," in a quiet tone. The man, hearing this, supposed that if he came early next day, he would be paid first, and called out to the crowd: "The honorable gentleman really has no money to-day. Let us disperse." So they all went off. Next morning before sunrise the man was waiting, and calling the bankrupt to his door, asked for payment of his debt. Then the polite bankrupt said: "It was not with the intention of paying you your bill that I told you yesterday to come early to-day. It was because, the bailiffs being so many, and you without a place to sit down, I thought that if you came early you would be sure to get a chair."

The Boaster and His Large Drum

A CERTAIN boaster was telling of a large drum and said: "In our village a temple there is a large drum, to encircle which with clasped hands would require several tens of men. The sound of it can be heard for over one hundred (Chinese) miles." A certain contradictory fellow in the crowd at this said: "That is nothing at all. In my contemptible village we have a cow: her head is in Chiang Nan Province, and her tail is in Chiang Pei Province, her weight is some myriads of pounds. Is this not strange?" All the listeners expressed their disbelief of this monstrous story. Offended at this incredulity, the second boaster said: "Well, if there were not this large cow, how are you going to get a skin large enough to make that other fellow's large drum he has told about?"

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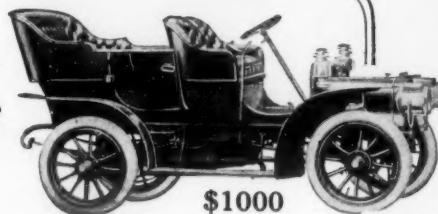
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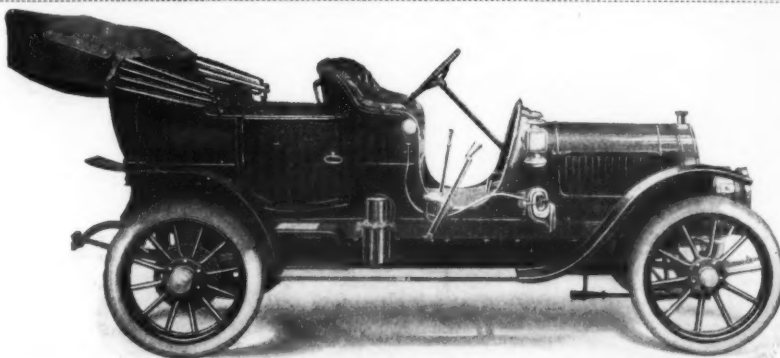
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